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PREFACE.

THE chief object of these volumes is to amuse; but, perhaps, they may also help to illustrate some phases of American literature. Humor is certainly one of the strong characteristics of our literature; and the attempt has here been made to bring together, in an attractive form and within a moderate compass, some worthy examples of humorous writing, from the time of Irving to the present day. It need scarcely be said that no claim is made to an exhaustive treatment of the subject.

The title for the series was chosen, with some hesitation, as being fairly descriptive, in a general sense. Its strict accuracy may doubtless, in certain instances, be open to question; for, while it is believed that nothing unworthy of preservation has been admitted, it was necessary, in order to make the work fitly representative, to include some sketches which are hardly entitled to take rank as masterpieces. In jus-

tice to himself, the editor must add that the final choice of the particular material selected has not always been decided by his preference, and is not always in entire accord with his judgment; in a few cases it was found necessary to leave the selection to be determined by the wishes of the respective authors or of their publishers.

A well-founded, undeniable grievance, the grounds for which can be clearly set forth, is so comfortable a luxury, that there is a strong temptation to dwell upon a few of the special difficulties which have perplexed the compiler of these volumes. But, *Cui bono?* If the work is dull, apologies are quite useless; if it is not dull, they are uncalled for.

Cordial thanks are due to the many living writers whose work is here represented. It is pleasant to be able to say that, in a correspondence with more than fifty literary workers, not a letter has been received which was not gracious in spirit and courteous in expression. The editor would express his deep sense of obligation for kindnesses which he had no right to expect. He would also acknowledge his large indebtedness to Mr. Geo. Haven Putnam, whose skilful aid removed some unexpected

and embarrassing obstacles, and whose wise counsel justly entitles him to be considered a co-editor of this work.

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E. T. M.



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

AUTHORS REPRESENTED IN THIS VOLUME



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Alcott, Louisa May.

(Author of *Street Scenes in Washington*, pt. ii., p. 116; *Selections from Transcendental Wild Oats*, pt. ii., p. 119.)

Born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, November 29, 1832; died in Boston, March 6, 1888.

Her father, A. Bronson Alcott, and Henry Thoreau were her instructors. In 1862, she was for several months a volunteer nurse in the army hospital at Washington. A frequent contributor to magazines and journals.

Little Women, *Little Men*, and *An Old-Fashioned Girl* are the most famous of her stories.

Alden, William L.

(Author of *Gibberish*, pt. iii., p. 112; *An Unnecessary Invention*, pt. iii., p. 117.)

Born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, October 9, 1837.

Mr. Alden was educated at Lafayette and Jefferson Colleges, graduating in 1858. He founded the New York Canoe Club. He was appointed United States Consul-General to Rome in 1885.

Among his best known works are *The Adventures of Jimmy Brown* and *A New Robinson Crusoe.*

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey.

(Author of *A Rivermouth Romance*, pt. ii., p. 280.)

Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, November 11, 1836.

A frequent contributor of both verse and prose to *Putnam's Magazine*, *The Knickerbocker Magazine*, and to various other periodicals. Assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, 1856–1859. Editor of *Every Saturday* from its first publication until 1874, and of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from 1881–1890.

The Story of a Bad Boy and *Marjorie Daw* are among the best known of his prose works.

Baldwin, Joseph G.

(Author of *Ovid Bolus, Esq.*, pt. i., p. 118.)

Born in Sumter, Alabama, in 1815; died in San Francisco, September 30, 1864.

Judge of the Supreme Court of California, 1863–1864.

Party Leaders, and a volume of humorous legal sketches are among his published works.

Beecher, Henry Ward.

(Author of *Deacon Marble*, pt. i., p. 106; *The Deacon's Trout*, pt. i., p. 109; *The Dog Noble, and the Empty Hole*, pt. i., p. 111; *Apple-Pie*, pt. i., p. 113.)

Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813; died in Brooklyn, New York, March 8, 1887.

Graduate of Amherst College in 1834; studied theology at Lane Seminary and became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in 1847. He was a popular preacher and lecturer and an ardent abolitionist. Delivered an oration at Fort Sumter in 1865, by request of the Government. Founded the New York *Independent* and was its editor, 1861–1863.

Among a long list of published works may be mentioned *Star Papers*, *Life Thoughts*, and *Norwood*.

Browne, Charles Farrar ("Artemus Ward").

(Author of *The Tower of London*, pt. ii., p. 153; *Science and Natural History*, pt. ii., p. 160; *From the "Lecture,"* pt. ii., p. 164.)

Born in Waterford, Maine, April 26, 1834; died in Southampton, England, March 6, 1867.

He was a journeyman printer in his youth, became an editor in New York in 1860, and in the same year began his public lecturing and reading.

Many of his papers are published in book form entitled *Artemus Ward: His Book*.

Bunce, Oliver Bell.

(Author of *Mr. Bluff Discourses on the Country and Kindred Themes*, pt. ii., p. 85.)

Born in New York, February 8, 1828; died May 15, 1890.

Bookseller and publisher. Editor of *Appleton's Journal* and of *Picturesque America*.

Bachelor Bluff, a collection of social essays, and *Don't; A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties Prevalent in Conduct and Speech*, are among his best known works.



Bunner, Henry C.

(Author of *Candor*, pt. iii., p. 292.)

Born in Oswego, New York, August 3, 1855; died in Nutley, New Jersey, May 11, 1896.

Became a journalist in 1873. When *Puck* was first issued Mr. Bunner was made assistant editor and afterwards became editor-in-chief, which position he filled until his death. Contributor of prose and verse to various periodicals.

Short Sixes, and *Zadoc Pine* are among the best known of his writings.

Burdette, Robert J.

(Author of *Rheumatism Movement Cure*, pt. iii., p. 173.)

Born in Greensborough, Pennsylvania, July 30, 1844.

Was educated in the public schools of Illinois.

Served in the Union Army, 1862–1865. Began his career as journalist in 1869, and was made assistant editor of *Burlington* (Iowa) *Hawkeye* about 1873. Became a public lecturer in 1876.

The Rise and Fall of the Mustache, and Other Hawkeyetems, and *Hawkeyes* are among his published works.

Butler, William Allen.

(Author of *Dobbs His Ferry*, pt. ii., p. 24.)

Born in Albany, New York, in 1825.

Graduate of the New York University in 1843. Studied law and was duly admitted to the Bar. Contributor of prose and poetry to the *Democratic Review*, the *Literary World*, and other periodicals.

Nothing to Wear: An Episode in City Life, is his best known work.

Cable, George Washington.

(Author of *Dixie*, pt. iii., p. 144.)

Born in New Orleans, Louisiana, October 12, 1844.

Served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. Became editor of the New Orleans *Picayune* in 1869. In 1879, devoted himself entirely to literature, and in 1885, he travelled through the North with "Mark Twain," giving public readings.

Old Creole Days and *The Grandissimes* are the most noted of his published works.

Clemens, Samuel Langhorne ("Mark Twain").

(Author of *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, pt. ii., p. 214.)

Born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835.

Received a public-school education, learned the trade of printer, but in 1851 was a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. In 1861, he became editor of a newspaper. in Nevada, and soon after began his public lecturing. In 1865, was reporter on a San Francisco newspaper. The origin of his pseudonym "Mark Twain," is said to be a recollection of his experience as a Mississippi pilot. In taking soundings "mark twain" is the term used for "mark two fathoms."

The Innocents Abroad, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, and *The Prince and the Pauper*, are among the most widely known of his numerous works.

Cone, Helen Gray.

(Author of *The Tender Heart*, pt. iii., p. 308.)

Born in New York in 1859.



Contributor of prose and poems to *Scribner's Magazine* and to other periodicals.

Pen Portraits of Literary Women by Themselves and Others: With Biographical Sketches, was published in connection with Jeannette L. Gilder.

Cozzens, Frederick Swartwout.

(Author of *The Family Horse*, pt. i., p. 167.)

Born in New York, March 5, 1818; died in Brooklyn, New York, December 23, 1869.

Contributor of prose and verse to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and *Putnam's Magazine*. Editor of *The Wine Press*, a trade paper devoted to the interests of American vine-planters and wine-makers.

Sparrow-Grass Papers and *Prismatics* are among his published works.

Crane, Thomas Frederick.

(Author of *Aunt Maria and the Autophone*, pt. iii., p. 163.)

Born in 1844.

Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University. In conjunction with Prof. S. J. Brun, has edited a series of French classics for American students, comprising *Tableaux de la Révolution Française*, *Le Romantisme Français*, and *La Société Française au Dix-septième Siècle*.

Italian Popular Tales is his most important work.

Curtis, George William.

(Author of *From the Summer Diary of Minerva Tattle*, pt. i., p. 272.)

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824; died in New York, August 31, 1892.

Mr. Curtis was a noted journalist, orator, publicist, and author. He studied in Berlin about 1846. Was connected with the *New York Tribune* in 1850, and with *Putnam's Magazine* from 1852–1857. Editor of the *Easy Chair* in *Harper's Magazine* from 1853, and of *Harper's Weekly*, 1857–1892.

Among the best known of his published works are the *Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I.*

De Forest, John William.

(Author of *Father Higgins's Preferment*, pt. ii., p. 36.)

Born in Seymour, Connecticut, March 31, 1826. Much of his youth was spent abroad, and at an early age he devoted himself to literature. During the Civil War, commanded a company of Connecticut Volunteers. He has contributed largely to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and to other periodicals.

Among his published works are a *History of the Indians of Connecticut*, *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty*, etc.

Dodge, Mary Abigail ("Gail Hamilton").

(Author of *My Garden*, pt. iii., p. 35.)

Born in Hamilton, Massachusetts, in 1838; died in Hamilton, Aug. 16, 1896.

Contributor to the *National Era* of Washington, D. C., and to other periodicals and journals. Assistant editor of *Our Young Folks*, 1865–1867.

Country Living and Country Thinking, *Woman's Wrongs: A Counter-Irritant*, and *Sermons to the Clergy* are among her published works.

Dodge, Mary Mapes.

(Author of *Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question*, pt. iii., p. 69.)

Born in New York in 1838.

Contributor of prose and verse to both English and American periodicals. Was one of the earliest editorial writers for *Hearth and Home*, and for several years had charge of its Children's Department. Became editor of *St. Nicholas* upon its first issue in 1873.

Of her stories, *Hans Brinker* is the most widely known, having been translated into several foreign languages.

Fields, James Thomas.

(Author of *The Pettibone Lineage*, pt. i., p. 158.)

Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 31, 1817; died in Boston, April 24, 1881.

In 1845, he was admitted as partner in the firm of W. D. Ticknor & Co., Boston, and in 1854, became head of the firm. Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1862–1870. He was well known as a lecturer, wrote many poems; collected, edited, and published a complete edition of De Quincey's writings.

Yesterdays with Authors is his most noted prose work.

Hale, Edward Everett.

(Author of *My Double, and How He Undid Me*, pt. i., p. 213.)

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 3, 1822.

Learned the trade of printer in the office of the *Daily Advertiser*, and served on the paper in every capactity from reporter to editor. Graduate of Harvard College in

1839. Entered the ministry; began to preach in 1842. Was settled in Worcester, Massachusetts, 1846–56, then removed to Boston. Contributor to the *Chatauquan.*

The Man Without a Country, and *In His Name* are the most noted of his writings.

Hale, Lucretia P.

(Author of *Modern Improvements at the Peterkins*, pt. i., p. 199.)

Born in Boston, September 2, 1820.

Educated at George B. Emerson's School in Boston. Contributor to various periodicals and journals.

The *Peterkin Papers* are perhaps the most widely known of her works.

Harris, Joel Chandler.

(Author of *Uncle Remus Initiates the Little Boy*, pt. iii., p. 247; *The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story*, pt. iii., p. 251; *How Mr. Rabbit Was Too Sharp for Mr. Fox*, pt. iii., p. 254; *Mr. Terrapin Shows His Strength*, pt. iii., p. 257; *Why Brother Bear Has No Tail*, pt. iii., p. 262.)

Born in Eatonton, Georgia, December 9, 1848.

Printer by trade; became a journalist in Atlanta, and, finally, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution.* Contributor of prose and verse to current literature.

Uncle Remus is the most widely known of his publications.

Harte, Bret.

(Author of *Melons*, pt. iii., p. 97; *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, pt. iii., p. 109.)

Born in Albany, New York, August 25, 1839.

Received a common-school education. In 1857, was printer in a newspaper office in San Francisco, and, later, was placed on the editorial staff. Became editor of the *Overland Monthly* in 1868, and was, for a time, Professor of Recent Literature in the University of California; United States Consul at Crefeld, Germany, in 1878, but was transferred to Glasgow in 1880. Has published many poems and tales.

His poem *The Heathen Chinee*, and the story *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, are the literary works that first gave him note.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.

(Author of *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, pt. i., p., 25; *The British Matron*, pt. i., p. 43.)

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804; died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19, 1864.

Graduate of Bowdoin College in 1825. Member of the Brook Farm Community in 1841. Contributor to various periodicals. Was in the Boston Custom House, 1838–1841, and in the Salem Custom House, 1846–1849. United States Consul at Liverpool, 1853–1857.

The Scarlet Letter and *The Marble Faun* are the most famous of his books.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell.

(Author of *Foreign Correspondence*, pr. i., p. 85; *Music-Pounding*, pt. i., p. 89; *The Old Man Dreams*, pt. i., p. 91; *Dislikes*, pt. i., p. 93.)

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809; died October 7, 1894.

Graduate of Harvard College in 1829. Studied medicine abroad, 1833–1836. Appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College in 1838, and to the same chair at Harvard in 1847. Was one of the organizers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and began to contribute to it in 1857.

Among his best-known prose works are *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* and *Elsie Venner*. His poem *The Iron Gate* was written for the celebration of his seventieth birthday.

Howells, William Dean.

(Author of *Mrs. Johnson*, pt. iii., p. 1; *The Veteran*, pt. iii., p. 27.)

Born in Martinsville, Ohio, March 1, 1837.

In 1851, learned the trade of printer, and in 1859, became the news editor of the Ohio *State Journal*. Later, was editorially connected with *The New York Tribune*, *The New York Times*, and *The Nation*. United States Consul at Venice, 1861–1865. Became assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1866, and was editor-in-chief, 1872–1881, of the *Editor's Study* in *Harper's Magazine* in 1886, and of *The Cosmopolitan* in 1891.

Among his most noted works are *Their Wedding Journey*, and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*.

Irving, Washington.

(Author of *Wouter Van Twiller*, pt. i., p. 1; *Wilhelmus Kieft*, pt. i., p. 10; *Peter Stuyvesant*, pt. i., p. 16; *Antony Van Corlear*, pt. i., p. 18; *General Van Poffenburgh*, pt. i., p. 21.)

Born in New York, April 3, 1783; died at Sunnyside on the Hudson, November 28, 1859.

Studied law in 1800, but in 1806 devoted himself to literature. Was Secretary of the Legation at the American Embassy at London, 1829–1832, and United States Minister to Spain 1842–1846.

The Sketch-Book, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, and the *Life of Washington* are among the most noted of his long list of published works.

Johnston, Richard Malcomb ("Philemon Perch").

(Author of *The Various Languages of Billy Moon*, pt. i., p. 236.)

Born in Hancock County, Georgia, March 8, 1822.

Graduate of Mercer University, Georgia, in 1841. Studied Law and was Professor of Literature in the University of Georgia from 1857 to the Civil War. He then established a classical school for boys, which, in 1867, he moved to Baltimore, Maryland. It is now known as Pen Lucy Institute. Contributor to various periodicals.

Georgia Sketches; By an Old Man, *Dukesborough Tales*, *Two Gray Tourists*, and *Old Mark Langston* are among the most noted of his works.

Lanigan, George T.

(Author of *The Amateur Orlando*, pt. iii., p. 181; *A Threnody*, pt. iii., p. 186; *Fables*, pt. iii., p. 189.

Born on the St. Charles River, Canada, December 10, 1845; died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, February 5, 1886.

Educated at the Montreal High School. Learned telegraphy. Became a journalist and established a satirical paper called the *Free Lance*. Later, he became connected with various newspapers in the United States.

Fables out of the World and *National Ballads of Canada* are among his published works.

Leland, Charles Godfrey (" Hans Breitmann "). (Author of *A Musical Duel*, pt. i., p. 253; *Schnitzerl's Philosopede*, pt. i., p. 262; *Selections from Breitmann's Going to Church*, pt. i., p. 264.)

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 15, 1824.

Graduate of Princeton College in 1846, studied at Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris. Studied law in 1848. Became editor of *The Illustrated News*, and in 1855, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. During the Civil War his contributions to the *Knickerbocker* and the *Continental Magazines* were eloquent pleas for the abolition of slavery. From 1869–1880 he lived abroad, studying the language, history, and customs of the gypsy race. Upon his return he introduced a system of industrial art into the public schools of Philadelphia.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads is his best known work.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. (Author of *A Wraith in the Mist*, pt. i., p. 48.)

Born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

Graduate of Bowdoin College in 1825, and was soon after appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in that College. In 1835 was appointed to



the same chair at Harvard. He spent many years abroad in travel and study. Contributor to the *North American Review*.

Of his prose works, *Hyperion* is the most noted. Of his poems, *Evangeline*, *The Song of Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* are perhaps the most widely known.

Lowell, James Russell.

(Author of *At Sea*, pt. i., p. 184; *The Chief Mate*, pt. i., p. 186; *The Courtin'*, pt. i., p. 194.)

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819; died in Cambridge, August 12, 1891.

Graduate of Harvard College in 1838. Studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1841, but soon devoted himself wholly to literature. He was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard, in 1855; was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1857–1862, and assistant editor of the *North American Review*, 1863–1872. United States Minister to Spain, 1877–1879, and to England, 1879–1885. Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1883–1884.

The Biglow Papers, *Among My Books*, *My Study Windows*, *Under the Willows and Other Poems* are among his best known writings.

Ludlow, Fitz Hugh.

(Author of *Ben Thirlwall's Schooldays*, pt. ii., p. 226; *Selections from a Brace of Boys*, pt. ii., p. 238.)

Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, September 11, 1837; died in Geneva, Switzerland, September 13, 1870.

Graduate of Union College in 1856, and soon devoted himself to literature. Contributor to *Putnam's Magazine*. Studied law. Was connected with the *New York World* and the *Commercial Advertiser*, 1860–1861. Was dramatic, art, and musical critic of *The Evening Post* for a long time, and filled the same position on the *Home Journal* in 1862.

Among his published works are the *Hasheesh Eater*, *Little Briggs and I*, *Little Brother and Other Genre Pictures*, etc.

Matthews, Brander ("Arthur Penn").

(Author of *Chesterfield's Postal-Cards to His Son*, pt. iii., p. 280.)

Born in New Orleans, Louisiana, February 21, 1852.

Graduate of Columbia College in 1871, and of the Law School in 1873. Contributor to various periodicals and author of several plays. Was one of the founders of the New York Authors' Club, and of the American Copyright League.

Theatres of Paris, *French Dramatists of the XIXth Century*, and *Poems of American Patriotism* are among his best known published works.

McDowell, Katherine S. B. ("Sherwood-Bonner").

(Author of *Hieronymus Pop and the Baby*, pt. iii., p. 268.)

Born in Holly Springs, Missouri, February 26, 1849; died July 22, 1884.

Educated in Missouri and Alabama. Became private secretary to Henry W. Longfellow. Contributed prose and verse to various periodicals and journals.

The Radical Club is her most noted poem. *Dialect Tales*, and *Like unto Like*, are among her prose works.

Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart (Mrs. Ward).

(*Selections from An Old Maid's Paradise*, pt. iii., p. 122.)

Born in Andover, Massachusetts, August 13, 1844.

Delivered lectures at Boston University in 1876.

The Gates Ajar, *Dr. Zay*, *The Story of Avis*, and the *Gypsy Breynton* books are among the best known of her writings.

Quincy, Edmund.

Author of *Who Paid for the Prima Donna*, pt. i., p. 49.)

Born in Boston, in 1808; died in 1877.

Graduate of Harvard College in 1827. Secretary of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. Contributed to *Putnam's Magazine* and other periodicals.

Wensley; A Story without a Moral, is one of his published works.

Roche, James Jeffrey.

(Author of *The V–a–s–e*, pt. iii., p. 215.)

Born in Ireland, May 31, 1847.

Educated at St. Dunstan's College, Prince Edward Island. Joined the editorial staff of the *Boston Pilot* in 1883. Contributor to various periodicals.

One of his published works is *Songs and Satires*.

Saxe, John Godfrey.

(Author of *The Coquette—A Portrait*, pt. i., p. 156.)

Born in Highgate, Vermont, June 2, 1816. Died in Albany, New York, March 31, 1887.

Graduate of Middlebury College in 1839. Admitted to the Bar in 1843. Became editor of *Burlington* (Vermont) *Sentinel*, 1850–1855. Served as State's Attorney in 1850–1851. Contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Knickerbocker*, and *Harper's Magazine*. Was popular as a lecturer. In 1872 was on the editorial staff of the *Albany Evening Journal*.

Among his best known poems are *Progress—A Satire*, *Literature and the Times*, and *The Money King*.

Shaw, Henry W. ("Josh Billings").

(Author of *The Muskeeter*, pt. i., p. 179; *Laffing*, pt. i., p. 180.)

Born in Lanesborough, Massachusetts, April 21, 1818; died in Monterey, California, October 4, 1885.

Entered Hamilton College, but went West before graduating and led a roving life for a time. Became successively a farmer and a steamboat captain and, finally, a real-estate agent. Contributed largely to the *New York Weekly*.

Josh Billings, His Sayings, *Josh Billing's Farmers' Allminax*, and *Everybody's Friend* are among his best known publications.

Shelton, Frederick William.

(Author of *Incidents in a Retired Life*, pt. i., p. 143.)

Born in Jamaica, Long Island, about 1814. Died in 1881.

Graduate of the College of New Jersey in 1834. Or-

dained a minister of the P. E. Church in 1847. Contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

Among his published works are *Salander and the Dragon*, and *The Rector of Saint Bardolph's, or Superannuated*.

Spofford, Harriet Prescott.

(Author of *Aunt Pen's Funeral*, pt. ii., p. 192.)

Born in Calais, Maine, April 3, 1835.

Contributor of prose and verse to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and other periodicals.

Among her published works are *New England Legends*, *The Servant Girl Question*, *The Marquis of Carabas*, etc.

Stockton, Frank R.

(Author of *Our Tavern*, pt. ii., p. 168; *A Piece of Red Calico*, pt. ii., p. 182.)

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 5, 1834.

Graduate of the Central High School of Philadelphia in 1852. Began his career as an engraver but, later, devoted himself to journalism.

Among the most noted of his works are *Rudder Grange*, *The Lady or the Tiger*, and *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher.

(Author of *Sam Lawson*, pt. i., p. 97.)

Born in Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14, 1812; died July, 1896.

Educated at Litchfield and at the Female Seminary of Hartford.

Of her published works, *The Minister's Wooing* and

Old Town Folks are well known, but *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is of world-wide fame, having been translated into all of the principal European and many of the Asiatic languages.

Taylor, Bayard.

(Author of *Selections from the Experiences of the A. C.*, pt. ii., p. 1.)

Born in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825; died in Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878.

Entered a printing-office in Westchester, Pennsylvania, in 1842. Went abroad in 1844, and travelled for two years on five hundred dollars. Became co-editor and co-proprietor of the *New York Tribune* in 1849. Contributed to the *Literary World*. Spent many years in travel. Was Secretary to the American Legation at the Court of St. Petersburg in 1862–63; was elected Professor of German Literature at Cornell University in 1870; and in 1876 was the poet selected to deliver the national ode on the Centennial 4th of July. Appointed United States Minister to Germany in 1877.

Views Afoot, *Hannah Thurston*, and his translation of *Faust* are among his best known works of their several kinds.

Thorpe, Thomas Bangs.

(Author of *A "Hoosier" in Search of Justice*, pt. i., p. 150.)

Born in Westfield, Massachusetts, March 1, 1815; died in New York in October, 1878.

Graduate of the Wesleyan University in 1842. Became editor of a Whig newspaper in New Orleans, of the *Concordia Intelligencer* in 1844, and established *The*

Conservator at Baton Rouge in 1846. Editor and publisher of the *Spirit of the Times* in 1859. Served in the Mexican War. Contributor to *Blackwood's*, *Knickerbocker*, and *Harper's Magazines*.

Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter, and *Mysteries of the Backwoods* are among the best known of his published works.

Trowbridge, John Townsend ("Paul Creyton").

(Author of *Fred Trover's Little Iron-Clad*, pt. ii., p. 57.)

Born in Ogden, New York, September 18, 1827.

Was educated at public schools and taught himself French, Latin, and Greek. Devoted himself to literature in 1846. Edited *The Nation* in 1850, and was managing editor of *Our Young Folks* from 1870–73. Contributed to *Hearth and Home*, to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Knickerbocker*, and *Putnam's Magazines*, and other periodicals.

The Vagabonds is the most noted of his poems. *Neighbor Jackwood* and *Cudjo's Cave* are among the best known of his stories.

Warner, Charles Dudley.

(Author of *Garden Ethics*, pt. ii., p. 90; *The Plumber*, pt. ii., p. 94.)

Born in Plainfield, Massachusetts, September 12, 1829.

Graduate of Hamilton College in 1851. Studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1857. Later, became a journalist, was assistant editor of the *Hartford Press* in 1860, and was on the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*

in 1880. He also edited the *American Men of Letters* series. Has travelled widely, was a strong abolitionist before the Civil War, and has since been interested in prison reform and in university extension.

My Summer in a Garden and *Being a Boy* are among his best known publications.



WASHINGTON IRVING.[1]

(BORN, 1783—DIED, 1859.)

WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

IT was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament,—when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters, make the woods to resound with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover-blossoms of the meadows,—all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxvii.



of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible

was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers in a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pike-staff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, "Well, I see nothing in all that to laugh about."

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is, that, if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe, that "he had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and



not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of the mind has been attributed his surname of Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong, and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer barrel on skids. His face,

that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament, and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain,

in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were

merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment,—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a

wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believ-

ers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that



they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

WILHELMUS KIEFT.

As some sleek ox, sunk in the rich repose of a clover field, dozing and chewing the cud, will bear repeated blows before it raises itself, so the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, having waxed fat under the drowsy reign of the Doubter, needed cuffs and kicks to rouse it into action. The reader will now witness the manner in which a peaceful community advances toward a state of war; which is apt to be like the approach of a horse to a drum, with much pranc-

ing and little progress, and too often with the wrong end foremost.

Wilhelmus Kieft, who in 1634 ascended the gubernatorial chair, (to borrow a favorite though clumsy appellation of modern phraseologists,) was of a lofty descent, his father being inspector of wind-mills in the ancient town of Saardam; and our hero, we are told, when a boy, made very curious investigations into the nature and operation of these machines, which was one reason why he afterwards came to be so ingenious a governor. His name, according to the most authentic etymologists, was a corruption of Kyver, that is to say, a *wrangler* or *scolder*, and expressed the characteristic of his family, which, for nearly two centuries, have kept the windy town of Saardam in hot water, and produced more tartars and brimstones than any ten families in the place; and so truly did he inherit this family peculiarity, that he had not been a year in the government of the province, before he was universally denominated William the Testy. His appearance answered to his name. He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman; such a one as may now and then be seen stumping about our city in a broad-skirted coat with huge buttons, a cocked



hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His face was broad, but his features were sharp; his cheeks were scorched into a dusky red by two fiery little gray eyes, his nose turned up, and the corners of his mouth turned down, pretty much like the muzzle of an irritable pug-dog.

I have heard it observed by a profound adept in human physiology, that if a woman waxes fat with the progress of years, her tenure of life is somewhat precarious, but if haply she withers as she grows old, she lives forever. Such promised to be the case with William the Testy, who grew tough in proportion as he dried. He had withered, in fact, not through the process of years, but through the tropical fervor of his soul, which burnt like a vehement rush-light in his bosom, inciting him to incessant broils and bickerings. Ancient tradition speaks much of his learning, and of the gallant inroads he had made into the dead languages, in which he had made captive a host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, and brought off rich booty in ancient saws and apothegms, which he was wont to parade in his public harangues, as a triumphant general of yore his *spolia opima*. Of metaphysics he knew enough to confound all hearers

and himself into the bargain. In logic, he knew the whole family of syllogisms and dilemmas, and was so proud of his skill that he never suffered even a self-evident fact to pass unargued. It was observed, however, that he seldom got into an argument without getting into a perplexity, and then into a passion with his adversary for not being convinced gratis.

He had, moreover, skirmished smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, was fond of experimental philosophy, and prided himself upon inventions of all kinds. His abode, which he had fixed at a Bowerie or country-seat at a short distance from the city, just at what is now called Dutch Street, soon abounded with proofs of his ingenuity: patent smoke-jacks that required a horse to work them; Dutch ovens that roasted meat without fire; carts that went before the horses; weather-cocks that turned against the wind; and other wrong-headed contrivances that astonished and confounded all beholders. The house, too, was beset with paralytic cats and dogs, the subjects of his experimental philosophy; and the yelling and yelping of the latter unhappy victims of science, while aiding in the pursuit of knowledge, soon gained for the place the name of "Dog's Misery,"



by which it continues to be known even at the present day.

It is in knowledge as in swimming: he who flounders and splashes on the surface makes more noise, and attracts more attention, than the pearl-diver who quietly dives in quest of treasures to the bottom. The vast acquirements of the new governor were the theme of marvel among the simple burghers of New Amsterdam; he figured about the place as learned a man as a Bonze at Pekin, who had mastered one half of the Chinese alphabet, and was unanimously pronounced a "universal genius!" . . .

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of William the Testy; for henceforth, in the troubles, perplexities, and confusion of the times, he seems to have been totally overlooked, and to have slipped forever through the fingers of scrupulous history. . . .

It is true, that certain of the early provincial poets, of whom there were great numbers in the Nieuw Nederlandts, taking advantage of his mysterious exit, have fabled, that, like Romulus, he was translated to the skies, and forms a very fiery little star, somewhere on the left claw of the Crab; while others, equally fanciful,

declare that he had experienced a fate similar to that of the good king Arthur, who, we are assured by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious abodes of fairy-land, where he still exists in pristine worth and vigor, and will one day or another return to restore the gallantry, the honor, and the immaculate probity, which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.

All these, however, are but pleasing fantasies, the cobweb visions of those dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious readers attach any credibility. Neither am I disposed to credit an ancient and rather apocryphal historian, who asserts that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his wind-mills; nor a writer of latter times, who affirms that he fell a victim to an experiment in natural history, having the misfortune to break his neck from a garret-window of the stadthouse in attempting to catch swallows by sprinkling salt upon their tails. Still less do I put my faith in the tradition that he perished at sea in conveying home to Holland a treasure of golden ore, discovered somewhere among the haunted regions of the Catskill mountains.



The most probable account declares, that, what with the constant troubles on his frontiers, the incessant schemings and projects going on in his own pericranium, the memorials, petitions, remonstrances, and sage pieces of advice of respectable meetings of the sovereign people, and the refractory disposition of his councillors, who were sure to differ from him on every point, and uniformly to be in the wrong, his mind was kept in a furnace-heat, until he became as completely burnt out as a Dutch family-pipe which has passed through three generations of hard smokers. In this manner did he undergo a kind of animal combustion, consuming away like a farthing rush-light; so that when grim death finally snuffed him out, there was scarce left enough of him to bury.

PETER STUYVESANT.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best of our ancient Dutch governors. Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Peter, or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by

any successor. He was in fact the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero, would be doing him great injustice; he was in truth a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy raw-boned make, like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide) when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden



leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed so highly did he esteem it that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

ANTONY VAN CORLEAR.

The very first movements of the great Peter, on taking the reins of government, displayed his magnanimity, though they occasioned not a little marvel and uneasiness among the people of the Manhattoes. Finding himself constantly interrupted by the opposition, and annoyed by the advice of his privy council, the members of which had acquired the unreasonable habit of thinking and speaking for themselves during the preceding reign, he determined at once to put a stop to such grievous abominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered upon his authority, than he turned out of office all the meddlesome spirits of the factious cabinet of William the Testy; in place of whom he chose unto himself counsellors from those fat, somnif-

erous, respectable burghers who had flourished and slumbered under the easy reign of Walter the Doubter. All these he caused to be furnished with abundance of fair long pipes, and to be regaled with frequent corporation dinners, admonishing them to smoke, and eat, and sleep for the good of the nation, while he took the burden of government upon his own shoulders, —an arrangement to which they all gave hearty acquiescence.

Nor did he stop here, but made a hideous rout among the inventions and expedients of his learned predecessor,—rooting up his patent gallows, where caitiff vagabonds were suspended by the waistband,—demolishing his flag-staffs and wind-mills, which, like mighty giants, guarded the ramparts of New Amsterdam,—pitching to the duyvel whole batteries of quaker guns, —and, in a word, turning topsy-turvy the whole philosophic, economic, and wind-mill system of the immortal sage of Saardam.

The honest folk of New Amsterdam began to quake now for the fate of their matchless champion, Antony the Trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favor in the eyes of the women, by means of his whiskers and his trumpet. Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be brought

into his presence, and eying him for a moment from head to foot, with a countenance that would have appalled any thing else than a sounder of brass,—"Pr'ythee, who and what art thou?" said he. "Sire," replied the other, in no wise dismayed, "for my name, it is Antony Van Corlear; for my parentage, I am the son of my mother; for my profession, I am champion and garrison of this great city of New Amsterdam." "I doubt me much," said Peter Stuyvesant, "that thou art some scurvy costard-monger knave. How didst thou acquire this paramount honor and dignity?" "Marry, sir," replied the other, "like many a great man before me, simply *by sounding my own trumpet.*" "Ay, is it so?" quoth the governor; "why, then let us have a relish of thy art." Whereupon the good Antony put his instrument to his lips, and sounded a charge with such a tremendous outset, such a delectable quaver, and such a triumphant cadence, that it was enough to make one's heart leap out of one's mouth only to be within a mile of it. Like as a war-worn charger, grazing in peaceful plains, starts at a strain of martial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts, and paws, and kindles at the noise, so did the heroic Peter joy to hear the clangor

of the trumpet; for of him might truly be said, what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England, "there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons." Casting his eye more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jovial varlet, shrewd in his discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, defending, and alarming the city, ever after retained him about his person, as his chief favorite, confidential envoy, and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of yore in the days of the glorious chivalry,—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody,—thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit.

GENERAL VAN POFFENBURGH.

It is tropically observed by honest old Socrates, that heaven infuses into some men at their birth a portion of intellectual gold, into



others of intellectual silver, while others are intellectually furnished with iron and brass. Of the last class was General Van Poffenburgh; and it would seem as if dame Nature, who will sometimes be partial, had given him brass enough for a dozen ordinary braziers. All this he had contrived to pass off upon William the Testy for genuine gold; and the little governor would sit for hours and listen to his gunpowder stories of exploits, which left those of Tirante the White, Don Belianis of Greece, or St. George and the Dragon quite in the background. Having been promoted by William Kieft to the command of his whole disposable forces, he gave importance to his station by the grandiloquence of his bulletins, always styling himself Commander-in-chief of the Armies of the New Netherlands, though in sober truth, these armies were nothing more than a handful of hen-stealing, bottle-bruising ragamuffins.

In person he was not very tall, but exceedingly round; neither did his bulk proceed from his being fat, but windy, being blown up by a prodigious conviction of his own importance, until he resembled one of those bags of wind given by Æolus, in an incredible fit of generosity, to that vagabond warrior Ulysses. His

windy endowments had long excited the admiration of Antony Van Corlear, who is said to have hinted more than once to William the Testy, that in making Van Poffenburgh a general he had spoiled an admirable trumpeter.

As it is the practice in ancient story to give the reader a description of the arms and equipments of every noted warrior, I will bestow a word upon the dress of this redoubtable commander. It comported with his character, being so crossed and slashed, and embroidered with lace and tinsel, that he seemed to have as much brass without as nature had stored away within. He was swathed, too, in a crimson sash, of the size and texture of a fishing-net,—doubtless to keep his swelling heart from bursting through his ribs. His face glowed with furnace-heat from between a huge pair of well-powdered whiskers, and his valorous soul seemed ready to bounce out of a pair of large, glassy, blinking eyes, projecting like those of a lobster.

I swear to thee, worthy reader, if history and tradition belie not this warrior, I would give all the money in my pocket to have seen him accoutred *cap-à-pie*,—booted to the middle, sashed to the chin, collared to the ears, whiskered to the teeth, crowned with an overshadow-



ing cocked hat, and girded with a leathern belt ten inches broad, from which trailed a falchion, of a length that I dare not mention. Thus equipped, he strutted about, as bitter-looking a man of war as the far-famed More, of More-hall, when he sallied forth to slay the dragon of Wantley. For what says the ballad?

> "Had you but seen him in this dress,
> How fierce he looked and how big,
> You would have thought him for to be
> Some Egyptian porcupig.
> He frighted all—cats, dogs, and all,
> Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
> For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
> Some strange outlandish hedgehog."

—Knickerbocker's History of New York.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.[1]

(BORN, 1804—DIED, 1864.)

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xvi.

ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger, and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim,

old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several open bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady;

but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient



flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalks and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a

century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjuror's show; "pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you ever hear of the 'Fountain of Youth,'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old

friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing; "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping around the doctor's table, without life



enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old. Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such manner, as proved that the water of the Foun-

tain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlight splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken arm-

chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their

gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arms about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still

keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it to the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chilliness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old

again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson you have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

—*Twice-Told Tales.*

THE BRITISH MATRON.

I have heard a good deal of the tenacity with which English ladies retain their personal beauty to a late period of life; but (not to suggest that an American eye needs use and cultivation, before it can quite appreciate the charm of English beauty at any age) it strikes me that



an English lady of fifty is apt to become a creature less refined and delicate, so far as her physique goes, than any thing that we Western people class under the name of woman. She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible, not merely by its breadth and weight of feature, but because it seems to express so much well-defined self-reliance, such acquaintance with the world, its toils, troubles, and dangers, and such sturdy capacity for trampling down a foe. Without any thing positively salient, or actively offensive, or, indeed, unjustly formidable to her neighbors, she

has the effect of a seventy-four gun-ship in time of peace; for, while you assure yourself that there is no real danger, you cannot help thinking how tremendous would be her onset, if pugnaciously inclined, and how futile the effort to inflict any counter-injury. She certainly looks tenfold—nay, a hundred-fold—better able to take care of herself than our slender-framed and haggard womankind; but I have not found reason to suppose that the English dowager of fifty has actually greater courage, fortitude, and strength of character than our women of similar age, or even a tougher physical endurance than they. Morally, she is strong, I suspect, only in society, and in the common routine of social affairs, and would be found powerless and timid in any exceptional strait that might call for energy outside of the conventionalities amid which she has grown up.

You can meet this figure in the street, and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an over-blown cabbage-rose as this.

Yet, somewhere in this enormous bulk there must be hidden the modest, slender, violet-nature of a girl, whom an alien mass of earthliness has unkindly overgrown; for an English maiden in her teens, though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood, shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the slenderness of his bride, since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for! Is it not a sounder view of the case, that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? And as a matter of conscience and good morals, ought not an English married pair to insist upon the celebration of a Silver Wedding at the end of

twenty-five years in order to legalize and mutually appropriate that corporeal growth of which both parties have individually come into possession since they were pronounced one flesh?—*Our Old Home.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.[1]

(BORN, 1807—DIED, 1882.)

A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here."—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inchkenneth,
Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet,
So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of pain;
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth?
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler,
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth,
He would wall himself round with a fort.

—*Birds of Passage.*

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxix.

EDMUND QUINCY.[1]

(BORN, 1808—DIED, 1877.)

WHO PAID FOR THE PRIMA DONNA?

I.

"IF any thing could make a man forgive himself for being sixty years old," said the Consul, holding up his wineglass between his eye and the setting sun,—for it was summer-time,—"it would be that he can remember Malibran in her divine sixteenity at the Park Theatre, thirty odd years ago. Egad, sir, one could n't help making great allowances for *Don Giovanni*, after seeing her in *Zerlina*. She was beyond imagination *piquante* and delicious."

The Consul, as my readers may have partly inferred, was not a Roman Consul, nor yet a French one. He had had the honor of representing this great republic at one of the Hanse towns, I forget which, in President Monroe's time. I don't recollect how long he held the

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxii.

office; but it was long enough to make the title stick to him for the rest of his life with the tenacity of a militia colonelcy or village diaconate. The country people round about used to call him "the *Counsel*," which, I believe,—for I am not very fresh from my school-books,—was etymologically correct enough, however orthoëpically erroneous. He had not limited his European life, however, within the precinct of his Hanseatic consulship, but had dispersed himself very promiscuously over the Continent, and had seen many cities, and the manners of many men and of some women,—singing-women, I mean,—in their public character; for the Consul, correct of life as of ear, never sought to undeify his divinities by pursuing them from the heaven of the stage to the purgatorial intermediacy of the *coulisses*, still less to the lower depth of disenchantment into which too many of them sunk in their private life.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "I have seen and heard them all,—Catalani, Pasta, Pezzaroni, Grisi, and all the rest of them, even Sonntag, though not in her very best estate; but I give you my word there is none that has taken lodgings here," tapping his forehead, "so per-

manently as the Signorina Garcia, or that I can see and hear so distinctly when I am in the mood of it by myself. *Rosina*, *Desdemona*, *Cinderella*, and, as I said just now, *Zerlina*— she is as fresh in them all to my mind's eye and ear, as if the Park Theatre had not given way for a cursed shoe-shop, and I had been hearing her there only last night. Let 's drink her memory," the Consul added, half in mirth and half in melancholy,—a mood to which he was not unused, and which did not ill become him.

Now, no intelligent person who knew the excellence of the Consul's wine could refuse to pay this posthumous honor to the harmonious shade of the lost Muse. The Consul was an old-fashioned man in his tastes, to be sure, and held to the old religion of Madeira, which divided the faith of our forefathers with the Cambridge Platform, and had never given in to the later heresies which have crept into the communion of good-fellowship from the south of France and the Rhine.

" A glass of champagne," he would say, " is all well enough at the end of dinner, just to take the grease out of one's throat, and get the palate ready for the more serious vintages or-

dained for the solid and deliberate drinking by which man justifies his creation; but Madeira, sir, Madeira is the only standby that never fails a man, and can always be depended upon as something sure and steadfast."

I confess to having fallen away myself from the gracious doctrine and works to which he had held so fast; but I am no bigot,—which, for a heretic, is something remarkable,—and had no scruple about uniting with him in the service he proposed, without demur or protestation as to form or substance. Indeed, he disarmed fanaticism by the curious care he bestowed on making his works conformable to the faith that was in him; for partly by inheritance, and partly by industrious pains, his old house was undermined by a cellar of wine such as is seldom seen in these days of modern degeneracy. He is the last gentleman that I know of, of that old school that used to import wine and lay it down annually themselves, their bins forming a kind of vinous calendar suggestive of great events. Their degenerate sons are content to be furnished, as they want it, from the dubious stores of the vintner, by retail.

"I suppose it was her youth and beauty, sir,"

I suggested, "that made her so rememberable to you. You know she was barely turned seventeen when she sung in this country."

"Partly that, no doubt," replied the Consul, "but not altogether, nor chiefly. No, sir; it was her genius which made her beauty so glorious. She was wonderfully handsome, though. 'She was a phantom of delight,' as that Lake fellow says,"—it was thus profanely that the Consul designated the poet Wordsworth, whom he could not abide,—"and the best thing he ever said, by Jove!"

"And did you never see her again?" I inquired.

"Once, only," he answered, "eight or nine years afterwards, a year or two before she died. It was at Venice, and in *Norma*. She was different, and yet not changed for the worse. There was an indescribable look of sadness out of her eyes, that touched one oddly, and fixed itself in the memory. But she was something apart and by herself, and stamped herself on one's mind as Rachel did in *Camille* or *Phèdre*. It was true genius, and no imitation, that made both of them what they were. But she actually had the physical beauty which Rachel only compelled you to think she had, by the force

of her genius and consummate dramatic skill, while she was on the scene before you."

"But do you rank Malibran with Rachel as a dramatic artist?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," he answered. "But if she had not the studied perfection of Rachel,—which was always the same, and could not be altered without harm,—she had at least a capacity of impulsive self-adaptation about her which made her for the time the character she personated,—not always the same, but such as the woman she represented might have been in the shifting phases of the passion that possessed her. And to think that she died at eight and twenty! What might not ten years more have made her!"

"It is odd," I observed, "that her fame should be forever connected with the name she got by her first unlucky marriage in New York; for it was unlucky enough, I believe—was it not?"

"You may say that," responded the Consul, "without fear of denial or qualification. It was disgraceful in its beginning and in its ending. It was a swindle on a large scale; and poor Maria Garcia was the one who suffered the most by the operation."

"I have always heard," said I, "that old Garcia was cheated out of the price for which he had sold his daughter, and that M. Malibran got his wife on false pretences."

"Not altogether so," returned the Consul, "I happen to know all about that matter from the best authority. She was obtained on false pretences, to be sure; but it was not Garcia that suffered by them. M. Malibran, moreover, never paid the price agreed upon, and yet Garcia got it, for all that."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "It must have been a neat operation. I cannot exactly see how the thing was done; but I have no doubt a tale hangs thereby, and a good one. Is it tellable?"

"I see no reason why not," said the Consul. "The sufferer made no secret of it, and I know of no reason why I should. Mynheer Van Holland told me the story himself, in Amsterdam, in the year '35."

"And who was he?" I inquired, "and what had he to do with it?"

"I 'll tell you," responded the Consul, filling his glass, and passing the bottle, "if you will have the goodness to shut the window behind you, and ring for candles; for it gets chilly

here among the mountains as soon as the sun is down."

I beg your pardon—did you make a remark? Oh, *what mountains!*—You must really pardon me; I cannot give you such a clew as that to the identity of my dear Consul, just now, for excellent and sufficient reasons. But, if you have paid your money for the sight of this Number, you may take your choice of all the mountain-ranges on the continent, from the Rocky to the White, and settle him just where you like. Only you must leave a gap to the westward, through which the river—also anonymous for the present distress—breaks its way, and which gives him half an hour's more sunshine than he would otherwise be entitled to, and slope the fields down to its margin near a mile off, with their native timber thinned so skilfully as to have the effect of the best landscape-gardening. It is a grand and lovely scene; and when I look at it, I do not wonder at one of the Consul's apothegms, namely, that the chief advantage of foreign travel is, that it teaches you that one place is just as good to live in as another. I imagine that the one place he had in his mind at the time was just this one. But that is neither here nor there.

When candles came, we drew our chairs together, and he told me in substance the following story. I will tell it in my own words,—not that they are so good as his, but because they come more readily to the nib of my pen.

II.

New York has grown considerably since she was New Amsterdam, and has almost forgotten her whilom dependence on her first godmother. Indeed, had it not been for the historic industry of the erudite Diedrich Knickerbocker, very few of her sons would know much about the obligations of their nursing mother to their old grandame beyond sea, in the days of the Dutch dynasty. Still, though the old monopoly has been dead these two hundred years, or thereabout, there is I know not how many fold more traffic with her than in the days when it was in full life and force. Doth not that benefactor of his species, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe, derive thence his immortal or immortalizing Schiedam Schnapps, the virtues whereof, according to his advertisements, are fast transferring dram-drinking from the domain of pleasure to that of positive duty? Tobacco-pipes, too, and toys such as the friendly saint, whom Protestant

children have been taught by Dutch tradition to invoke, delights to drop into the votive stocking,—they come from the mother-city, where she sits upon the waters, quite as much a Sea-Cybele as Venice herself. And linens, too, fair and fresh and pure as the maidens that weave them, come forth from Dutch looms ready to grace our tables, or to deck our beds. And the mention of these brings me back to my story, though the immediate connection between Holland linen and Malibran's marriage may not at first view be palpable to sight. Still it is a fact that the web of this part of her variegated destiny was spun and woven out of threads of flax that took the substantial shape of fine Hollands; and this is the way in which it came to pass.

Mynheer Van Holland, of whom the Consul spoke just now, you must understand to have been one of the chief merchants of Amsterdam, a city whose merchants are princes, and have been kings. His transactions extended to all parts of the Old World, and did not skip over the New. His ships visited the harbor of New York as well as of London; and, as he died two or three years ago a very rich man, his adventures in general must have been more re-

munerative than the one I am going to relate. In the autumn of the year 1825 it seemed good to this worthy merchant to despatch a vessel, with a cargo chiefly made up of linens, to the market of New York. The honest man little dreamed with what a fate his ship was fraught, wrapped up in those flaxen folds. He happened to be in London the winter before, and was present at the *début* of Maria Garcia at the King's Theatre. He must have admired the beauty, grace, and promise of the youthful *Rosina*, had he been ten times a Dutchman; and if he heard of her intended emigration to America, as he possibly might have done, it most likely excited no particular emotion in his phlegmatic bosom. He could not have imagined that the exportation of a little singing-girl to New York should interfere with a potential venture of his own in fair linen. The gods kindly hid the future from his eyes, so that he might enjoy the comic vexation her lively sallies caused to *Doctor Bartolo* in the play, unknowing that she would be the innocent cause of a more serious provocation to himself in downright earnest. He thought of this himself after it had all happened.

Well, the good ship "Steenbok" had pros-

perous gales and fair weather across the ocean, and dropped anchor off the Battery with some days to spare from the amount due to the voyage. The consignee came off and took possession of the cargo, and duly transferred it to his own warehouse. Though the advantages of advertising were not as fully understood in those days of comparative ignorance as they have been since, he duly announced the goods which he had received, and waited for a customer. He did not have to wait long. It was but a day or two after the appearance of the advertisement in the newspapers that he had prime Holland linens on hand, just received from Amsterdam, when he was waited upon by a gentleman of good address, and evidently of French extraction, who inquired of the consignee, whom we will call Mr. Schulemberg for the nonce, "whether he had the linens he had advertised yet on hand."

"They are still on hand and on sale," said Mr. Schulemberg.

"What is the price of the entire consign ment?" inquired the customer.

"Fifty thousand dollars," responded Mr. Schulemberg.

"And the terms?"

"Cash on delivery."

"Very good," replied the obliging buyer. "If they be of the quality you describe in your advertisement, I will take them on those terms. Send them down to my warehouse, No. 118 Pearl Street, to-morrow morning, and I will send you the money."

"And your name?" inquired Mr. Schulemberg.

"Is Malibran," responded the courteous purchaser.

The two merchants bowed politely, the one to the other, mutually well pleased with the morning's word, and bade each other good-day.

Mr. Schulemberg knew but little, if any thing, about his new customer; but, as the transaction was to be a cash one, he did not mind that. He calculated his commissions, gave orders to his head clerk to see the goods duly delivered the next morning, and went on Change, and thence to dinner, in the enjoyment of a complacent mind and a good appetite. It is to be supposed that M. Malibran did the same. At any rate, he had the most reason, at least, according to his probable notions of mercantile morality and success.

III.

The next day came, and with it came, betimes, the packages of linens to M. Malibran's warehouse in Pearl Street; but the price for the same did not come as punctually to Mr. Schulemberg's counting-room, according to the contract under which they were delivered. In point of fact, M. Malibran was not in at the time; but there was no doubt that he would attend to the matter without delay, as soon as he came in. A cash transaction does not necessarily imply so much the instant presence of coin as the unequivocal absence of credit. A day or two more or less is of no material consequence, only there is to be no delay for sales and returns before payment. So Mr. Schulemberg gave himself no uneasiness about the matter when two, three, and even five and six days had slid away without producing the apparition of the current money of the merchant. A man who transacted affairs on so large a scale as M. Malibran, and conducted them on the sound basis of ready money, might safely be trusted for so short a time. But when a week had elapsed, and no tidings had been received either of purchaser or of purchase-money, Mr. Schulemberg

thought it time for himself to interfere in his own proper person. Accordingly, he incontinently proceeded to the counting-house of M. Malibran to receive the promised price or to know the reason why. If he failed to obtain the one satisfaction, he at least could not complain of being disappointed of the other. Matters seemed to be in some little unbusiness-like confusion, and the clerks in a high state of gleeful excitement. Addressing himself to the chief among them, Mr. Schulemberg asked the pertinent question,—

"Is M. Malibran in?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "he is not; and he will not be, just at present."

"But when will he be in? for I must see him on some pressing business of importance."

"Not to-day, sir," replied the clerk, smiling expressively. "He cannot be interrupted to-day on any business of any kind whatever."

"The deuce he can't!" returned Mr. Schulemberg. "I 'll see about that very soon, I can tell you. He promised to pay me cash for fifty thousand dollars' worth of Holland linens a week ago. I have not seen the color of his money yet, and I mean to wait no longer. Where does he live? for, if he be alive, I will



see him, and hear what he has to say for himself, and that speedily."

"Indeed, sir," pleasantly expostulated the clerk, "I think, when you understand the circumstances of the case, you will forbear disturbing M. Malibran this day of all others in his life."

"Why, what the devil ails this day above all others," said Mr. Schulemberg somewhat testily, "that he can't see his creditors, and pay his debts on it?"

"Why, sir, the fact is," the clerk replied, with an air of interest and importance, "it is M. Malibran's wedding-day. He marries this morning the Signorina Garcia, and I am sure you would not molest him with business on such an occasion as that."

"But my fifty thousand dollars!" persisted the consignee. "And why have they not been paid?"

"Oh, give yourself no uneasiness at all about that, sir," replied the clerk, with the air of one to whom the handling of such trifles was a daily occurrence. "M. Malibran will, of course, attend to that matter the moment he is a little at leisure. In fact, I imagine, that, in the hurry and bustle inseparable from an event of this nature, the circumstance has entirely es-

caped his mind; but, as soon as he returns to business again, I will recall it to his recollection, and you will hear from him without delay."

The clerk was right in his augury as to the effect his intelligence would have upon the creditor. It was not a clerical error on his part when he supposed that Mr. Schulemberg would not choose to enact the part of skeleton at the wedding-breakfast of the young *Prima Donna*. There is something about the great events of life, which cannot happen a great many times to anybody,—

> "A wedding or a funeral,
> A mourning or a festival,"

that touches the strings of the one human heart of us ail, and makes it return no uncertain sound. *Shylock* himself would hardly have demanded his pound of flesh on the wedding-day, had it been *Antonio* that was to espouse the fair *Portia*. Even he would have allowed three days of grace before demanding the specific performance of his bond. Now, Mr. Schulemberg was very far from being a Shylock, and he was also a constant attendant upon the opera, and a devoted admirer of the

lovely Garcia. So that he could not wonder that a man on the eve of marriage with that divine creature should forget every other consideration in the immediate contemplation of his happiness, even if it were the consideration for a cargo of prime linens, and one to the tune of fifty thousand dollars. And it is altogether likely that the mundane reflection occurred to him, and made him easier in his mind under the delay, that old Garcia was by no means the kind of man to give away a daughter who dropped gold and silver from her sweet lips whenever she opened them in public, as the princess in the fairy-tale did pearls and diamonds, to any man who could not give him a solid equivalent in return. So that, in fact, he regarded the notes of the Signorina Garcia as so much collateral security for his debt.

So Mr. Schulemberg was content to bide his reasonable time for the discharge of M. Malibran's indebtedness to his principal. He had advised Mynheer Van Holland of the speedy sale of his consignment, and given him hopes of a quick return of the proceeds. But, as days wore away, it seemed to him that the time he was called on to bide was growing into an unreasonable one. I cannot state with precision

exactly how long he waited. Whether he disturbed the sweet influences of the honeymoon by his intrusive presence, or permitted that nectareous satellite to fill her horns, and wax and wane in peace, before he sought to bring the bridegroom down to the things of earth, are questions which I must leave to the discretion of my readers to settle, each for himself or herself, according to their own notions of the proprieties of the case. But at the proper time, after patience had thrown up in disgust the office of a virtue, he took his hat and cane one fine morning, and walked down to No. 118 Pearl Street, for the double purpose of wishing M. Malibran joy of his marriage, and of receiving the price—promised long, and long withheld—of the linens which form the tissue of my story.

> "The gods gave ear, and granted half his prayer:
> The rest the winds dispersed in empty air."

There was not the slightest difficulty about his imparting his epithalamic congratulation; but as to his receiving the numismatic consideration for which he hoped to return, that was an entirely different affair. He found matters in the Pearl Street counting-house again apparently something out of joint, but with a less smiling

and sunny atmosphere pervading them than he had remarked on his last visit. He was received by M. Malibran with courtesy, a little over-strained, perhaps, and not as flowing and gracious as at their first interview. Preliminaries over, Mr. Schulemberg, plunging with epic energy into the midst of things, said, "I have called, M. Malibran, to receive the fifty thousand dollars, which, you will remember, you engaged to pay down for the linens I sold you on such a day. I can make allowance for the interruption which has prevented your attending to this business sooner; but it is now high time that it was settled."

"I consent to it all, monsieur," replied M Malibran with a deprecatory gesture. "You have reason, and I am desolated that it is the impossible that you ask of me to do."

"How, sir!" demanded the creditor. "What do you mean by the impossible? You do not mean to deny that you agreed to pay cash for the goods?"

"My faith, no, monsieur," shruggingly responded M. Malibran. "I avow it; you have reason; I promised to pay the money, as you say it; but, if I have not the money to pay you, how can I pay you the money? What to do?"

"I don't understand you, sir," returned Mr. Schulemberg. "You have not the money? And you do not mean to pay me according to agreement?"

"But, monsieur, how can I, when I have not money? Have you not heard that I have made —what you call it?—failure, yesterday? I am grieved of it thrice sensibly; but if it went of my life, I could not pay you for your fine linens, which were of a good market at the price."

"Indeed, sir," replied Mr. Schulemberg, "I had not heard of your misfortunes; and I am heartily sorry for them, on my own account and yours, but still more on account of your charming wife. But there is no great harm done, after all. Send the linens back to me, and accounts shall be square between us, and I will submit to the loss of the interest."

"Ah, but, monsieur, you are too good, and madame will be recognizant to you forever for your gracious politeness. But, my God! it is impossible that I return to you the linen. I have sold it, monsieur— I have sold it all!"

"Sold it?" reiterated Mr. Schulemberg, regardless of the rules of etiquette,—"sold it? And to whom, pray? and when?"

"To M. Garcia, my father-in-the-law," answered the catechumen blandly; "and it is a week that he has received it."

"Then I must bid you a good-morning, sir," said Mr. Schulemberg, rising hastily, and collecting his hat and gloves; "for I must lose no time in taking measures to recover the goods before they have changed hands again."

"Pardon, monsieur," interrupted the poor but honest Malibran. "But it is too late! One cannot regain them. M. Garcia embarked himself for Mexico yesterday morning, and carried them all with him."

Imagine the consternation and rage of poor Mr. Schulemberg at finding that he was sold, though the goods were not! I decline reporting the conversation any further, lest its strength of expression and force of expletive might be too much for the more queasy of my readers. Suffice it to say that the *swindlee*, if I may be allowed the royalty of coining a word, at once freed his own mind, and imprisoned the body of M. Malibran; for in those days imprisonment for debt was a recognized institution, and I think few of its strongest opponents will deny that this was a case to which it was no abuse to apply it.

IV.

I regret that I am compelled to leave this exemplary merchant in captivity; but the exigencies of my story, the moral of which beckons me away to the distant coast of Mexico, require it at my hands. The reader may be consoled, however, by the knowledge that he obtained his liberation in due time, his Dutch creditor being entirely satisfied that nothing whatsoever could be squeezed out of him by passing him between the bars of the debtor's prison, though that was all the satisfaction he ever did get. How he accompanied his young wife to Europe, and there lived by the coining of her voice into drachmas, as her father had done before him, needs not be told here; nor yet how she was divorced from him, and made another matrimonial venture in partnership with De B——. I have nothing to do with him or her, after the bargain and sale of which she was the object, and the consequences which immediately resulted from it; and here, accordingly, I take my leave of them. But my story is not quite done yet: it must now pursue the fortunes of the enterprising *impresario*, Signor Garcia, who had so deftly turned his daughter into a shipload of fine linens.

This excellent person sailed, as M. Malibran told Mr. Schulemberg, for Vera Cruz, with an assorted cargo, consisting of singers, fiddlers, and, as aforesaid, of Mynheer Van Holland's fine linens. The voyage was as prosperous as was due to such an argosy. If a single Amphion could not be drowned by the utmost malice of gods and men, so long as he kept his voice in order, what possible mishap could befall a whole shipload of them? The vessel arrived safely under the shadow of San Juan de Ulua; and her precious freight in all its varieties was welcomed with a tropical enthusiasm. The market was bare of linen and of song, and it was hard to say which found the readiest sale. Competition raised the price of both articles to a fabulous height. So the good Garcia had the benevolent satisfaction of clothing the naked, and making the ears that heard him to bless him at the same time. After selling his linens at a great advance on the cost-price, considering he had only paid his daughter for them, and having given a series of the most successful concerts ever known in those latitudes, Signor Garcia set forth for the Aztec City. As the relations of *meum* and *tuum* were not upon the most satisfactory footing just then at Vera

Cruz, he thought it most prudent to carry his well-won treasure with him to the capital. His progress thither was a triumphal procession. Not Cortés, not General Scott himself, marched more gloriously along the steep and rugged road that leads from the sea-coast to the table-land than did this son of song. Every city on his line of march was the monument of a victory, and from each one he levied tribute, and bore spoils away. And the vanquished thanked him for this spoiling of their goods.

Arrived at the splendid city, at that time the largest and most populous on the North American continent, he speedily made himself master of it,—a welcome conqueror. The Mexicans, with the genuine love for song of their Southern ancestors, had had but few opportunities for gratifying it such as that now offered to them. Garcia was a tenor of great compass, and a most skilful and accomplished singer. The artists who accompanied him were of a high order of merit, if not of the very first class. Mexico had never heard the like, and, though a hard-money country, was glad to take their notes, and give them gold in return. They were feasted and flattered in the intervals of the concerts, and the bright eyes of señoras and

señoritas rained influence upon them on the off nights, as their fair hands rained flowers upon the *on* ones. And they have a very pleasant way, in those golden realms, of giving ornaments of diamonds and other precious stones to virtuous singers, as we give pencil-cases and gold watches to meritorious railway-conductors and hotel-clerks, as a testimonial of the sense we entertain of their private characters and public services. The gorgeous East herself never showered "on her kings barbaric pearl and gold" with a richer hand than the City of Mexico poured out the glittering rain over the portly person of the happy Garcia. Saturated at length with the golden flood and its foam of pearl and diamond—if, indeed, singer were ever capable of such saturation, and were not rather permeable forever, like a sieve of the Danaïdes, —saturated, or satisfied that it was all run out, he prepared to take up his line of march back again to the City of the True Cross. Mexico mourned over his going, and sent him forth upon his way with blessings, and prayers for his safe return.

But alas! the blessings and the prayers were alike vain. The saints were either deaf or busy, or had gone a journey, and either did not hear

or did not mind the vows that were sent up to them. At any rate, they did not take that care of the worthy Garcia which their devotees had a right to expect of them. Turning his back on the halls of the Montezumas, where he had revelled so sumptuously, he proceeded on his way towards the Atlantic coast, as fast as his mules thought fit to carry him and his beloved treasure. With the proceeds of his linens and his lungs, he was rich enough to retire from the vicissitudes of operatic life to some safe retreat in his native Spain or his adoptive Italy. Filled with happy imaginings, he fared onward, the bells of his mules keeping time with the melodious joy of his heart, until he had descended from the *tierra caliente* to the wilder region on the hither side of Jalapa. As the narrow road turned sharply, at the foot of a steeper descent than common, into a dreary valley, made yet more gloomy by the shadow of the hill behind intercepting the sun, though the afternoon was not far advanced, the *impresario* was made unpleasantly aware of the transitory nature of man's hopes and the vanity of his joys. When his train wound into the rough open space, it found itself surrounded by a troop of men whose looks and gestures bespoke their func-

tion without the intermediation of an interpreter. But no interpreter was needed in this case, as Signor Garcia was a Spaniard by birth, and their expressive pantomime was a sufficiently eloquent substitute for speech. In plain English, he had fallen among thieves, with very little chance of any good Samaritan coming by to help him.

Now, Signor Garcia had had dealings with brigands and banditti all his operatic life. Indeed, he had often drilled them till they were perfect in their exercises, and got them up regardless of expense. Under his direction they had often rushed forward to the footlights, pouring into the helpless mass before them repeated volleys of explosive crotchets. But this was a very different chorus that now saluted his eyes. It was the real thing, instead of the make-believe, and in the opinion of Signor Garcia, at least, very much inferior to it. Instead of the steeple-crowned hat, jauntily feathered and looped, these irregulars wore huge *sombreros*, much the worse for time and weather, flapped over their faces. For the velvet jacket with the two-inch tail, which had nearly broken up the friendship between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, when the latter gentleman pro-

posed induing himself with one, on the occasion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast,—for this integument, I say, these minions of the moon had blankets round their shoulders, thrown back in preparation for actual service. Instead of those authentic cross-garterings in which your true bandit rejoices, like a new Malvolio, to tie up his legs, perhaps to keep them from running away, these false knaves wore, some of them, ragged boots up to their thighs, while others had no crural coverings at all, and only rough sandals, such as the Indians there use, between their feet and the ground. They were picturesque, perhaps, but not attractive to wealthy travellers. But the wealthy travellers were attractive to them: so they came together, all the same. Such as they were, however, there they were, fierce, sad, and sallow, with vicious-looking knives in their belts, and guns of various parentage in their hands, while their captain bade our good man stand and deliver.

There was no room for choice. He had an escort, to be sure; but it was entirely unequal to the emergency, even if it were not, as was afterwards shrewdly suspected, in league with the robbers. The enemy had the advantage

of arms, position, and numbers; and there was nothing for him to do but to disgorge his hoarded gains at once, or to have his breath stopped first, and his estate summarily administered upon afterwards, by these his casual heirs, as the King of France, by virtue of his *Droit d'Aubaine*, would have confiscated Yorick's six shirts and pair of black silk breeches, in spite of his eloquent protest against such injustice, had he chanced to die in his Most Christian Majesty's dominions. As Signor Garcia had an estate in his breath, from which he could draw a larger yearly rent than the rolls of many a Spanish grandee could boast, he wisely chose the part of discretion, and surrendered at the same. His new acquaintances showed themselves expert practitioners in the breaking-open of trunks and the rifling of treasure-boxes. All his beloved doubloons, all his cherished dollars, for the which no Yankee ever felt a stronger passion, took swift wings, and flew from his coffers to alight in the hands of the adversary. The sacred recesses of his pockets, and those of his companions, were sacred no longer from the sacrilegious hands of the spoilers. The breastpins were ravished from the shirt-frills,—for in those days studs were not,—and the

rings snatched from the reluctant fingers. All the shining testimonials of Mexican admiration were transferred with the celerity of magic into the possession of the chivalry of the road. Not Faulconbridge himself could have been more resolved to come on at the beckoning of gold and silver than were they, and, good Catholics though they were, it is most likely that Bell, Book, and Candle would have had as little restraining influence over them as he professed to feel.

At last they rested from their labors. To the victors belonged the spoils, as they discovered with instinctive sagacity that they should do, though the apothegm had not yet received the authentic seal of American statesmanship. Science and skill had done their utmost, and poor Garcia and his companions in misery stood in the centre of the ring, stripped of every thing but the clothes on their backs. The duty of the day being satisfactorily performed, the victors felt that they had a right to some relaxation after their toils. And now a change came over them which might have reminded Signor Garcia of the banditti of the green-room, with whose habits he had been so long familiar, and whose operations he had

himself directed. Some one of the troop, who however "fit for strategems and spoils," had yet music in his soul, called aloud for a song. The idea was hailed with acclamations. Not satisfied with the capitalized results of his voice to which they had helped themselves, they were unwilling to let their prey go, until they had also ravished from him some specimens of the airy mintage whence they had issued. Accordingly the Catholic vagabonds seated themselves on the ground, a fuliginous parterre to look upon, and called upon Garcia for a song. A rock which projected itself from the side of the hill served for a stage as well as the "green plat" in the wood near Athens did for the company of Manager Quince, and there was no need of a "tiring-room," as poor Garcia had no clothes to change for those he stood in. Not the Hebrews by the waters of Babylon, when their captors demanded of them a song of Zion, had less stomach for the task. But the prime tenor was now before an audience that would brook neither denial nor excuse. Nor hoarseness, nor catarrh, nor sudden illness, certified unto by the friendly physician, would avail him now. The demand was irresistible; for, when he

hesitated, the persuasive though stern mouth of a musket hinted to him in expressive silence that he had better prevent its speech with song.

So he had to make his first appearance upon that "unworthy scaffold," before an audience, which, multifold as his experience had been, was one such as he had never sung to yet. As the shadows of evening began to fall, rough torches of pine-wood were lighted, and shed a glare such as Salvator Rosa loved to kindle, upon a scene such as he delighted to paint. The rascals had taste; that the tenor himself could not deny. They knew the choice bits of the operas which held the stage forty years ago, and they called for them wisely, and applauded his efforts vociferously. Nay, more, in the height of their enthusiasm they would toss him one of his own doubloons or dollars, instead of the bouquets usually hurled at well-deserving singers. They well judged that these flowers that never fade would be the tribute he would value most, and so they rewarded his meritorious strains out of his own stores, as Claude Duval or Richard Turpin, in the golden days of highway robbery, would sometimes generously return a guinea to a traveller he had just lightened of his purse, to enable him to con-

tinue his journey. It was lucky for the unfortunate Garcia that their approbation took this solid shape, or he would have been badly off indeed; for it was all he had to begin the world with over again. After his appreciating audience had exhausted their musical repertory, and had as many encores as they thought good, they broke up the concert, and betook themselves to their fastnesses among the mountains, leaving their patient to find his way to the coast as best he might, with a pocket as light as his soul was heavy. At Vera Cruz a concert or two furnished him with the means of embarking himself and his troupe for Europe, and leaving the New World forever behind him.

And here I must leave him, for my story is done. The reader hungering for a moral may discern, that, though Signor Garcia received the price he asked for his lovely daughter, it advantaged him nothing, and that he not only lost it all, but it was the occasion of his losing every thing else he had. This is very well as far as it goes; but then it is equally true that M. Malibran actually obtained his wife, and that Mynheer Van Holland paid for her. I dare say all this can be reconciled with the eternal

fitness of things; but I protest I don't see how it is to be done. It is "all a muddle" in my mind. I cannot even affirm that the banditti were ever hanged; and I am quite sure that the unlucky Dutch merchant, whose goods were so comically mixed up with this whole history, never had any poetical or material justice for his loss of them. But it is as much the reader's business as mine to settle these casuistries. I only undertook to tell him who it was that paid for the *Prima Donna*—and I have done it.

V.

"I consider that a good story," said the Consul, when he had finished the narration out of which I have compounded the foregoing, "and, what is not always the case with a good story, it is a true one."

I cordially concurred with my honored friend in this opinion, and if the reader should unfortunately differ from me on this point, I beg him to believe that it is entirely my fault. As the Consul told it to me, it was an excellent good story.

"Poor Mynheer Van Holland," he added, laughing, "never got over that adventure. Not that the loss was material to him,—he

was too rich for that,—but the provocation of his fifty thousand dollars going to a parcel of Mexican *ladrones*, after buying an opera-singer for a Frenchman on its way, was enough to rouse even Dutch human nature to the swearing-point. He could not abide either Frenchmen or opera-singers all the rest of his life. And, by Jove! I don't wonder at it."

Nor I, neither, for the matter of that.—*Wensley, and Other Stories.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.[1]

(BORN, 1809—DIED, 1894.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

DO I think that the particular form of lying often seen in newspapers, under the title, "From our Foreign Correspondent," does any harm?—Why, no,—I don't know that it does. I suppose it does n't really deceive people any more than the "Arabian Nights" or "Gulliver's Travels" do. Sometimes the writers compile *too* carelessly, though, and mix up facts out of geographies, and stories out of the penny papers, so as to mislead those who are desirous of information. I cut a piece out of one of the papers, the other day, which contains a number of improbabilities, and, I suspect, misstatements. I will send up and get it for you, if you would like to hear it. Ah, this is it; it is headed

"OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.

"This island is now the property of the Stamford family,—having been won, it is said,

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxvi.

in a raffle, by Sir ——— Stamford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South-Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the 'Notes and Queries.' This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallizing in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface, during calm weather, the rainbow tints of the celebrated South-Sea bubbles. The summers are oppressively hot, and the winters very probably cold; but this fact cannot be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in winter.

"The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper-tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organized in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. (Note received from Dr. D. P.) It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in

England, the natives of Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering pepper, the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation, or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks, that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backwards for great distances at immense speed, on the well-known principle of the æolipile. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks, or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgelled another most severely for appropria-

ting a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the *Peccavi* by the Catholic Jews, who, it is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *maccaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermiceili*. They have a decided animal flavor, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Maccaroni, being tubular, is the favorite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the maccaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

"The fruit of the bread-tree consists princi-

pally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with the cocoa-nut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoa-nut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit it for the tea-table, where it is commonly served up with cold—— "

—There,—I don't want to read any more of it. You see that many of these statements are highly improbable. No, I shall not mention the paper.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

MUSIC-POUNDING.

The old Master was talking about a concert he had been to hear.

—I don't like your chopped music anyway. That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out is n't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave

the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop,—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like any thing I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bull-frog and a wood-thrush.—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.*

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O for one hour of youthful joy!
 Give back my twentieth spring!
I 'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
 Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
 Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
 And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
 From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
 Of life all love and fame!

My listening angel heard the prayer,
 And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
 To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
 To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah, truest soul of womankind!
 Without thee, what were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I 'll take—my—precious—wife!

—The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

—"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I 'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

DISLIKES.

I want it to be understood that I consider that a certain number of persons are at liberty to dislike me peremptorily, without showing cause, and that they give no offence whatever in so doing.

If I did not cheerfully acquiesce in this sentiment towards myself on the part of others, I should not feel at liberty to indulge my own aversions. I try to cultivate a Christian feeling to all my fellow-creatures, but inasmuch as I must also respect truth and honesty, I confess to myself a certain number of inalienable dislikes and prejudices, some of which may possibly be shared by others. Some of these are púrely instinctive, for others I can assign a reason. Our likes and dislikes play so important a part in the order of things that it is well to see on what they are founded.

There are persons I meet occasionally who are too intelligent by half for my liking. They know my thoughts beforehand, and tell me what I was going to say. Of course they are masters of all my knowledge, and a good deal besides; have read all the books I have read, and in later editions; have had all the experiences I have been through, and more too. In

my private opinion every mother's son of them will lie at any time rather than confess ignorance.

—I have a kind of dread, rather than hatred, of persons with a large excess of vitality; great feeders, great laughers, great story-tellers, who come sweeping over their company with a huge tidal wave of animal spirits and boisterous merriment. I have pretty good spirits myself, and enjoy a little mild pleasantry, but I am oppressed and extinguished by these great lusty, noisy creatures, and feel as if I were a mute at a funeral when they get into full blast.

—I cannot get along much better with those drooping, languid people, whose vitality falls short as much as that of the others is in excess. I have not life enough for two; I wish I had. It is not very enlivening to meet a fellow-creature whose expression and accents say, "You are the hair that breaks the camel's back of my endurance, you are the last drop that makes my cup of woe run over"; persons whose heads drop on one side like those of toothless infants, whose voices recall the tones in which our old snuffling choir used to wail out the verses of

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

—There is another style which does not captivate me. I recognize an attempt at the *grand manner* now and then, in persons who are well enough in their way, but of no particular importance, socially or otherwise. Some family tradition of wealth or distinction is apt to be at the bottom of it, and it survives all the advantages that used to set it off. I like family pride as well as my neighbors, and respect the high-born fellow-citizen whose progenitors have not worked in their shirt-sleeves for the last two generations full as much as I ought to. But *grand-père oblige;* a person with a known grandfather is too distinguished to find it necessary to put on airs. The few Royal Princes I have happened to know were very easy people to get along with, and had not half the social knee-action I have often seen in the collapsed dowagers who lifted their eyebrows at me in my earlier years.

— My heart does not warm as it should do towards the persons, not intimates, who are always *too* glad to see me when we meet by accident, and discover all at once that they have a vast deal to unbosom themselves of to me.

— There is one blameless person whom I cannot love and have no excuse for hating. It is

the innocent fellow-creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along, minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into it all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current the rich reminiscences of the varied soils though which its own stream has wandered. I will not compare myself to the clear or the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him.—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.[1]

(BORN, 1812—DIED, 1896.)

SAM LAWSON.

EVERY New England village, if you only think of it, must have its do-nothing as regularly as it has its school-house or meeting-house. Nature is alway wide awake in the matter of compensation. Work, thrift, and industry are such an incessant steam-power in Yankee life, that society would burn itself out with intense friction were there not interposed here and there the lubricating power of a decided do-nothing,—a man who won't be hurried, and won't work, and will take his ease in his own way, in spite of the whole protest of his neighborhood to the contrary. And there is on the face of the whole earth no do-nothing whose softness, idleness, general inaptitude to labor, and everlasting, universal shiftlessness can compare with that of this worthy, as found in a brisk Yankee village.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxiv.



Sam Lawson filled this post with ample honor in Oldtown. He was a fellow dear to the souls of all "us boys" in the village, because, from the special nature of his position, he never had any thing more pressing to do than croon and gossip with us. He was ready to spend hours in tinkering a boy's jack-knife, or mending his skate, or start at the smallest notice to watch at a woodchuck's hole, or give incessant service in tending a dog's sprained paw. He was always on hand to go fishing with us on Saturday afternoons; and I have known him to sit hour after hour on the bank, surrounded by a troop of boys, baiting our hooks and taking off our fish. He was a soft-hearted old body, and the wrigglings and contortions of our prey used to disturb his repose so that it was a regular part of his work to kill the fish by breaking their necks when he took them from the hook.

"Why, lordy massy, boys," he would say, "I can't bear to see no kind o' critter in torment. These 'ere pouts ain't to blame for bein' fish, and ye ought to put 'em out of their misery. Fish hes their rights as well as any of us." . . .

Sam was of respectable family, and not destitute of education. He was an expert in at least five or six different kinds of handicraft, in all of

which he had been pronounced by the knowing ones to be a capable workman, "if only he would stick to it."

He had a blacksmith's shop, where, when the fit was on him, he would shoe a horse better than any man in the country. No one could supply a missing screw, or apply a timely brace, with more adroitness. He could mend cracked china so as to be almost as good as new; he could use carpenter's tools as well as a born carpenter, and would doctor a rheumatic door or a shaky window better than half the professional artisans in wood. No man could put a refractory clock to rights with more ingenuity than Sam,—that is, if you would give him his time to be about it.

I shall never forget the wrath and dismay which he roused in my Aunt Lois's mind by the leisurely way in which, after having taken our own venerable kitchen clock to pieces, and strewn the fragments all over the kitchen, he would roost over it in endless incubation, telling stories, entering into long-winded theological discussions, smoking pipes, and giving histories of all the other clocks in Oldtown, with occasional memoirs of those in Needmore, the North Parish, and Podunk, as placidly

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indifferent to all her volleys of sarcasm and contempt, her stinging expostulations and philippics, as the sailing old moon is to the frisky, animated barking of some puppy dog of earth.

"Why, ye see, Miss Lois," he would say, "clocks can't be druv; that 's jest what they can't. Some things can be druv, and then agin some things can't, and clocks is that kind. They 's jest got to be humored. Now this 'ere 's a 'mazin' good clock, give me my time on it, and I 'll have it so 't will keep straight on to the Millennium."

"Millennium!" says Aunt Lois, with a snort of infinite contempt.

"Yes, the Millennium," says Sam, letting fall his work in a contemplative manner. "That 'ere 's an interestin' topic now. Parson Lothrop, he don't think the Millennium will last a thousand years. What 's your 'pinion on that pint, Miss Lois?"

"My opinion is," said Aunt Lois, in her most nipping tones, "that if folks don't mind their own business, and do with their might what their hands find to do, the Millennium won't come at all."

"Wal, you see, Miss Lois, it 's just here,—

one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

"I should think you thought a day was a thousand years, the way you work," said Aunt Lois.

"Wal," says Sam, sitting down with his back to his desperate litter of wheels, weights, and pendulums, and meditatively caressing his knee as he watched the sailing clouds in abstract meditation, "ye see, ef a thing 's ordained, why it 's got to be, ef you don't lift a finger. That 'ere 's *so* now, ain't it?"

"Sam Lawson, you are about the most aggravating creature I ever had to do with. Here you 've got our clock all to pieces, and have been keeping up a perfect hurrah's nest in our kitchen for three days, and there you sit maundering and talking with your back to your work, fussin' about the Millennium, which is none of your business, or mine, as I know of! Do either put that clock together or let it alone!"

"Don't you be a grain uneasy, Miss Lois. Why, I 'll have your clock all right in the end, but I can't be druv. Wall, I guess I 'll take another spell on 't to-morrow or Friday."

Poor Aunt Lois, horror-stricken, but seeing herself actually in the hands of the imperturba-

ble enemy, now essayed the tack of conciliation. "Now do, Lawson, just finish up this job, and I 'll pay you down, right on the spot; and you need the money."

"I 'd like to 'blige ye, Miss Lois; but ye see money ain't every thing in this world. Ef I work tew long on one thing, my mind kind o' gives out, ye see; and besides, I 've got some 'sponsibilities to 'tend to. There 's Mrs. Captain Brown, she made me promise to come today and look at the nose o' that 'ere silver teapot o' hern; it 's kind o' sprung a leak. And then I 'greed to split a little oven-wood for the Widdah Pedee, that lives up on the Shelburn road. Must visit the widdahs in their affliction, Scriptur' says. And then there 's Hepsy: she 's allers castin' it up at me that I don't do nothing for her and the chil'en; but then, lordy massy, Hepsy hain't no sort o' patience. Why jest this mornin' I was a tellin' her to count up her marcies, and I 'clare for 't if I did n't think she 'd a throwed the tongs at me. That 'ere woman's temper railly makes me consarned. Wal, good-day, Miss Lois. I 'll be along again to-morrow or Friday or the first o' next week." And away he went with long, loose strides down the village street, while the

leisurely wail of an old fuguing tune floated back after him,—

> " Thy years are an
> Eternal day,
> Thy years are an
> Eternal day."

" An eternal torment," said Aunt Lois, with a snap. " I 'm sure, if there 's a mortal creature on this earth that I pity, it 's Hepsy Lawson. Folks talk about her scolding,—that Sam Lawson is enough to make the saints in Heaven fall from grace. And you can't *do* any thing with him : it 's like charging bayonet into a wool-sack." . . .

One Saturday afternoon, Tina and I drove over to Needmore with a view to having one more gossip with Sam Lawson. Hepsy, it appears, had departed this life, and Sam had gone over to live with a son of his in Needmore. We found him roosting placidly in the porch on the sunny side of the house.

" Why, lordy massy, bless your soul an' body, ef that ain't Horace Holyoke ! " he said, when he recognized who I was. " An' this 'ere 's your wife, is it ? Wal, wal, how this 'ere world does turn round ! Wal, now, who would ha'



thought it? Here you be, and Tiny with you. Wal, wal."

"Yes," said I, "here we are."

"Wal, now, jest sit down," said Sam, motioning us to a seat in the porch. "I was jest kind o' 'flectin' out here in the sun; ben a readin' in the *Missionary Herald;* they 've ben a sendin' missionaries to Otawhity, an' they say that there ain't no winter there, an' the bread jest grows on the trees, so 't they don't hev to make none, an' there ain't no wood-piles nor splittin' wood, nor nothin' o' that sort goin' on, an' folks don't need no clothes to speak on. Now, I 's jest thinkin' that 'ere 's jest the country to suit me. I wonder, now, ef they could n't find suthin' for me to do out there. I could shoe the hosses, ef they had any, an' I could teach the natives their catechize, an' kind o' help round gin'ally. These 'ere winters gits so cold here I 'm e'en a'most crooked up with rheumatiz."

"Why, Sam," said Tina, "where is Hepsy?"

"Law, now, hain't ye heerd? Why, Hepsy, she 's been dead, wal, let me see, 't was three year the fourteenth o' last May when Hepsy died, but she was clear wore out afore she died. Wal, jest half on her was clear paralyzed, poor

crittur; she could n't speak a word; that 'ere was a gret trial to her. I don't think she was resigned under it. Hepsy hed an awful sight o' grit. I used to talk to Hepsy, an' talk, an' try to set things afore her in the best way I could, so 's to get 'er into a better state o' mind. D' you b'lieve, one day when I 'd ben a talkin' to her, she kind o' made a motion to me with her eye, an' when I went up to 'er, what d' you think? why, she jest tuk and BIT me! she did so!"

"Sam," said Tina, "I sympathize with Hepsy. I believe if I had to be talked to an hour, and could n't answer, I should bite."—*Oldtown Folks.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER.[1]

(BORN, 1813—DIED, 1887.)

DEACON MARBLE.

HOW they ever made a deacon out of Jerry Marble I never could imagine! His was the kindest heart that ever bubbled and ran over. He was elastic, tough, incessantly active, and a prodigious worker. He seemed never to tire, but after the longest day's toil, he sprang up the moment he had done with work, as if he were a fine steel spring. A few hours' sleep sufficed him, and he saw the morning stars the year round. His weazened face was leather color, but forever dimpling and changing to keep some sort of congruity between itself and his eyes, that winked and blinked, and spilt over with merry good nature. He always seemed afflicted when obliged to be sober. He had been known to laugh in meeting on several occasions, although he ran his face behind his handkerchief, and

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xviii.

coughed, as if *that* was the matter, yet nobody believed it. Once, in a hot summer day, he saw Deacon Trowbridge, a sober and fat man, of great sobriety, gradually ascending from the bodily state into that spiritual condition called sleep. He was blameless of the act. He had struggled against the temptation with the whole virtue of a deacon. He had eaten two or three heads of fennel in vain, and a piece of orange peel. He had stirred himself up, and fixed his eyes on the minister with intense firmness, only to have them grow gradually narrower and milder. If he held his head up firmly, it would with a sudden lapse fall away over backward. If he leaned it a little forward, it would drop suddenly into his bosom. At each nod, recovering himself, he would nod again, with his eyes wide open, to impress upon the boys that he did it on purpose both times.

In what other painful event of life has a good man so little sympathy as when overcome with sleep in meeting time? Against the insidious seduction he arrays every conceivable resistance. He stands up awhile; he pinches himself, or pricks himself with pins. He looks up helplessly to the pulpit as if some succor might

come thence. He crosses his legs uncomfortably, and attempts to recite catechism, or the multiplication table. He seizes a languid fan, which treacherouily leaves him in a calm. He tries to reason, to notice the phenomena. Oh, that one could carry his pew to bed with him! What tossing wakefulness there! what fiery chase after somnolency! In his lawful bed a man cannot sleep, and in his pew he cannot keep awake! Happy man who does not sleep in church! Deacon Trowbridge was not that man. Deacon Marble was!

Deacon Marble witnessed the conflict we have sketched above, and when good Mr. Trowbridge gave his next lurch, recovering himself with a snort, and then drew out a red handkerchief and blew his nose with a loud imitation, as if to let the boys know that he had not been asleep, poor Deacon Marble was brought to a sore strait. But, I have reason to think that he would have weathered the stress if it had not been for a sweet-faced little boy in the front of the gallery. The lad had been innocently watching the same scene, and at its climax laughed out loud, with a frank and musical explosion, and then suddenly disappeared backward into his mother's lap. That laugh was just

too much, and Deacon Marble could no more help laughing than could Deacon Trowbridge help sleeping. Nor could he conceal it. Though he coughed, and put up his handkerchief and hemmed — it *was* a laugh—Deacon! — and every boy in the house knew it, and liked you better for it—so inexperienced were they.— *Norwood.*

THE DEACON'S TROUT.

He was a curious trout. I believe he knew Sunday just as well as Deacon Marble did. At any rate, the deacon thought the trout meant to aggravate him. The deacon, you know, is a little waggish. He often tells about that trout. Sez he, "One Sunday morning, just as I got along by the willows, I heard an awful splash, and not ten feet from shore I saw the trout, as long as my arm, just curving over like a bow, and going down with something for breakfast. Gracious! says I, and I almost jumped out of the wagon. But my wife Polly, says she, 'What on airth are you thinkin' of, Deacon? It 's Sabbath day, and you 're goin' to meetin'! It 's a pretty business for a deacon!' That sort o' cooled me off. But I do say that, for about a minute, I wished I was n't



a deacon. But 't would n't made any difference, for I came down next day to mill on purpose, and I came down once or twice more, and nothin' was to be seen, tho' I tried him with the most temptin' things. Wal, next Sunday I came along agin, and, to save my life I could n't keep off worldly and wanderin' thoughts. I tried to be sayin' my catechism, but I could n't keep my eyes off the pond as we came up to the willows. I 'd got along in the catechism, as smooth as the road, to the Fourth Commandment, and was sayin' it out loud for Polly, and jist as I was sayin': '*What is required in the Fourth Commandment?*' I heard a splash, and there was the trout, and, afore I could think, I said: 'Gracious, Polly, I must have that trout.' She almost riz right up, 'I knew you wan't sayin' your catechism hearty. Is this the way you answer the question about keepin' the Lord's day? I 'm ashamed, Deacon Marble,' says she. 'You 'd better change your road, and go to meetin' on the road over the hill. If I was a deacon, I would n't let a fish's tail whisk the whole catechism out of my head'; and I had to go to meetin' on the hill road all the rest of the summer."—*Norwood.*

THE DOG NOBLE, AND THE EMPTY HOLE.

The first summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog, named Noble. He was learned in many things, and by his dog-lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which Noble could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall, he could not be persuaded that he was not there forevermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house, and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with Noble. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation under all this apparant rashness, that Noble invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion Noble was so close upon his red-backed friend that, unable to get up the maple-tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly

be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off at a little distance, he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and, every hair thereon electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted Noble night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and, crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But Noble would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed, this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dogskin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do, I may as well try that hole again!"—*Eyes and Ears.*

APPLE-PIE.

How often people use language without the slightest sense of its deep, interior meaning! Thus, no phrase is more carelessly or frequently used than the saying, "*Apple-pie order*." How few who say so reflect at the time upon either apple-pie or the true order of apple-pie! Perhaps they have been reared without instruction. They may have been born in families that were ignorant of apple-pie; or who were left to the guilt of calling two tough pieces of half-cooked dough, with a thin streak of macerated dried apple between them, of leather color, and of taste and texture not unbecoming the same,—an apple-pie! But from such profound degradation of ideas we turn away with gratitude and humility, that one so unworthy as we should have been reared to better things.

We are also affected with a sense of regret for duty unperformed; for great as have been the benefits received, we have never yet celebrated as we ought the merits of apple-pie. That reflection shall no longer cast its shadow upon us.

"Henry, go down cellar, and bring me up some Spitzenbergs." The cellar was as large as the whole house, and the house was broad

as a small pyramid. The north side was windowless, and banked up outside with frost-defying tan-bark. The south side had windows, festooned and frescoed with the webs of spiders, that wove their tapestries over every corner in the neighborhood, and, when no flies were to be had, ate up each other, as if they were nothing but politicians, instead of being lawful and honorable *arachnidæ*. On the east side stood a row of cider-barrels; for twelve or twenty barrels of cider were a fit provision for the year,—and what was not consumed for drink was expected duly to turn into vinegar, and was then exalted to certain hogsheads kept for the purpose. But along the middle of the cellar were the apple-bins; and when the season had been propitious, there were stores and heaps of Russets, Greenings, Seeknofurthers, Pearmains, Gilliflowers, Spitzenbergs and many besides, nameless, but not virtueless. Thence selecting, we duly brought up the apples. Some people think any thing will do for pies. But the best for eating are the best for cooking. Who would make jelly of any other apple, that had the *Porter?* who would bake or roast any other sweet apple, that had the *Ladies' Sweeting*,—unless, perhaps, the *Talman Sweet?* and

who would put into a pie any apple but *Spitzenberg*, that had *that?* Off with their jackets! Fill the great wooden bowl with the sound rogues! And now, O cook! which shall it be? For at this point the roads diverge, and though they all come back at length to apple-pie, it is not a matter of indifference which you choose. There is, for example, one made without under-crust, in a deep plate, and the apples laid in, in full quarters; or the apples being stewed are beaten to a mush, and seasoned, and put between the double paste; or they are sliced thin and cooked entirely within the covers; or they are put without seasoning into their bed, and when baked, the upper lid is raised, and the butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, and sugar are added; the whole well mixed, and the crust returned as if nothing had happened.

But O be careful of the paste! Let it not be like putty, nor rush to the other extreme, and make it so flaky that one holds his breath while eating for fear of blowing it all away. Let it not be plain as bread, nor yet rich like cake. Aim at that glorious medium, in which it is tender without being fugaciously flaky; short, without being too short; a mild, sapid, brittle thing, that lies upon the tongue, so as

to let the apple strike through and touch the *papillæ* with a mere effluent flavor. But this, like all high art, must be a thing of inspiration or instinct. A true cook will understand us, and we care not if others do not!

Do not suppose that we limit the apple-pie to the kinds and methods enumerated. Its capacity in variation is endless, and every diversity discovers some new charm or flavor. It will accept almost every flavor of every spice. And yet nothing is so fatal to the rare and higher graces of apple-pie as inconsiderate, vulgar spicing. It is not meant to be a mere vehicle for the exhibition of these spices, in their own natures. It is a glorious unity in which sugar gives up its nature as sugar, and butter ceases to be butter, and each flavorsome spice gladly evanishes from its own full nature, that all of them, by a common death, may rise into the new life of apple-pie! Not that apple is longer apple! *It*, too, is transformed. And the final pie, though born of apple, sugar, butter, nutmeg, cinnamon, lemon, is like none of these, but the compound ideal of them all, refined, purified, and by fire fixed in blissful perfection.

But all exquisite creations are short-lived.

The natural term of an apple-pie is but twelve hours. It reaches its highest state about one hour after it comes from the oven, and just before its natural heat has quite departed. But every hour afterward is a declension. And after it is one day old, it is thenceforward but the ghastly corpse of apple-pie.

But while it is yet florescent, white, or creamy yellow, with the merest drip of candied juice along the edges (as if the flavor were so good to itself that its own lips watered!) of a mild and modest warmth, the sugar suggesting jelly, yet not jellied, the morsels of apple neither dissolved nor yet in original substance, but hanging as it were in a trance between the spirit and the flesh of applehood, then, when dinner is to be served at five o'clock, and you are pivotted on the hour of one with a ravening appetite, let the good dame bring forth for luncheon an apple-pie, with cheese a year old, crumbling and yet moist, but not with base fluid, but oily rather; then, O blessed man, favored by all the divinities! eat, give thanks, and go forth, "*in apple-pie order!*"—*Eyes and Ears.*



JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.[1]

(BORN 1815—DIED 1864.)

OVID BOLUS, ESQ.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

A Fragment.

* * * * *

AND what history of that halcyon period, ranging from the year of Grace 1835 to 1837; that golden era, when shin-plasters were the sole currency; when bank-bills were

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa,"

and credit was a franchise;—what history of those times would be complete, that left out the name of Ovid Bolus? As well write the biography of Prince Hal, and forbear all mention of Falstaff. In law phrase, the thing would be a "deed without a name," and void; a most unpardonable *casus omissus*.

I cannot trace, for reasons the sequel sug-

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p, xviii.

gests, the early history, much less the birth-place, pedigree, and juvenile associations of this worthy. Whence he or his forbears got his name or how, I don't know; but for the fact that it is to be inferred he got it in infancy, I should have thought he borrowed it; he borrowed every thing else he ever had, such things as he got under the credit system only excepted; in deference, however, to the axiom, that there is *some* exception to *all* general rules, I am willing to believe that he got this much honestly, by *bona-fide* gift or inheritance, and without false pretence.

I have had a hard time of it in endeavoring to assign to Bolus his leading vice; I have given up the task in despair; but I have essayed to designate that one which gave him, in the end, most celebrity. I am aware that it is invidious to make comparisons, and to give pre-eminence to one over other rival qualities and gifts, where all have high claims to distinction; but, then, the stern justice of criticism, in this case, requires a discrimination which, to be intelligible and definite, must be relative and comparative. I, therefore, take the responsibility of saying, after due reflection, that in my opinion, Bolus's reputation stood higher for

lying than for any thing else; and in thus assigning pre-eminence to this poetic property, I do it without any desire to derogate from other brilliant characteristics belonging to the same general category, which have drawn the wondering notice of the world.

Some men are liars from interest; not because they have no regard for truth, but because they have less regard for it than for gain; some are liars from vanity, because they would rather be well thought of by others, than have reason for thinking well of themselves; some are liars from a sort of necessity, which overbears, by the weight of temptation, the sense of virtue; some are enticed away by the allurements of pleasure, or seduced by evil example and education. Bolus was none of these; he belonged to a higher department of the fine arts, and to a higher class of professors of this sort of Belles-Lettres. Bolus was a natural liar, just as some horses are natural pacers, and some dogs natural setters. What he did in that walk, was from the irresistible promptings of instinct, and a disinterested love of art. His genius and his performances were free from the vulgar alloy of interest or temptation. Accordingly, he did not labor a lie; he lied with a relish; he lied with

a coming appetite, growing with what it fed on; he lied from the delight of invention and the charm of fictitious narrative. It is true he applied his art to the practical purposes of life; but in so far did he glory the more in it; just as an ingenious machinist rejoices that his invention, while it has honored science, has also supplied a common want.

Bolus's genius for lying was encyclopediacal; it was what German criticism calls many-sided. It embraced all subjects without distinction or partiality. It was equally good upon all, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Bolus's lying came from his greatness of soul and his comprehensiveness of mind. The truth was too small for him. Fact was too dry and common-place for the fervor of his genius. Besides, great as was his memory—for he even remembered the outlines of his chief lies—his invention was still larger. He had a great contempt for history and historians. He thought them tame and timid cobblers; mere tinkers on other people's wares,—simple parrots and magpies of other men's sayings or doings; borrowers of and acknowledged debtors for others' chattels, got without skill; they had no separate estate in their ideas; they were bailees of

goods, which they did not pretend to hold by adverse title; buriers of talents in napkins making no usury; barren and unprofitable non-producers in the intellectual vineyard—*nati consumere fruges.*

He adopted a fact occasionally to start with, but, like a Sheffield razor and the crude ore, the workmanship, polish, and value were all his own; a Thibet shawl could as well be credited to the insensate goat that grew the wool, as the author of a fact Bolus honored with his artistical skill, could claim to be the inventor of the story.

His experiments upon credulity, like charity, began at home. He had long torn down the partition wall between his imagination and his memory. He had long ceased to distinguish between the impressions made upon his mind by what came *from* it, and what came *to* it; all ideas were facts to him.

Bolus's life was not a common man's life. His world was not the hard, work-day world the groundlings live in; he moved in a sphere of poetry; he lived amidst the ideal and romantic. Not that he was not practical enough, when he chose to be; by no means. He bought goods and chattels, lands and tene-

ments, like other men; but he got them under a state of poetic illusion, and paid for them in an imaginary way. Even the titles he gave were not of the *earthy* sort—they were sometimes *clouded.* He gave notes, too,—how well I know it!—like other men; he paid them like himself.

How well he asserted the Spiritual over the Material! How he delighted to turn an abstract idea into concrete cash—to make a few blots of ink, representing a little thought, turn out a labor-saving machine, and bring into his pocket money which many days of hard exhausting labor would not procure! What pious joy it gave him to see the days of the good Samaritan return, and the hard hand of avarice relax its grasp on land and negroes, pork and clothes, beneath the soft speeches and kind promises of future rewards—blending in the act the three cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity; while, in the result, the chief of these three was *Charity!*

There was something sublime in the idea—this elevating the spirit of man to its true and primeval dominion over things of sense and grosser matter.

It is true, that in these practical romances,

Bolus was charged with a defective taste in repeating himself. The justice of the charge must be, at least, partially acknowledged; this I know from a client, to whom Ovid sold a tract of land after having sold it twice before: I cannot say, though, that his forgetting to mention this circumstance made any difference, for Bolus originally had no title.

There was nothing narrow, sectarian, or sectional in Bolus's lying. It was on the contrary broad and catholic. It had no respect to times or places. It was as wide and illimitable as elastic, and variable as the air he spent in giving it expression. It was a generous, gentlemanly, whole-souled faculty. It was often employed on occasions of thrift; but no more, and no more zealously on these than on others of no profit to himself. He was an Egotist, but a magnificent one; he was not a liar because an egotist, but an egotist because a liar. He usually made himself the hero of the romantic exploits and adventures he narrated; but this was not so much to exalt himself, as because it was more convenient to his art. He had nothing malignant or invidious in his nature. If he exalted himself, it was seldom or never to the disparagement of others,

unless, indeed, those others were merely imaginary persons, or too far off to be hurt. He would as soon lie for you as for himself. It was all the same, so there was something doing in his line of business, except in those cases in which his necessities required to be fed at your expense.

He did not confine himself to mere lingual lying: one tongue was not enough for all the business he had on hand. He acted lies as well. Indeed, sometimes his very silence was a lie. He made nonentity fib for him, and performed wondrous feats by a "masterly inactivity."

The *personnel* of this distinguished Votary of the Muse was happily fitted to his art. He was strikingly handsome. There was something in his air and bearing almost princely, certainly quite distinguished. His manners were winning, his address frank, cordial, and flowing. He was built after the model and structure of Bolingbroke in his youth, *Americanized* and *Hoosierized* a little by "raising in," and an adaptation to, the Backwoods. He was fluent but choice of diction, a little sonorous in the structure of his sentences to give effect to a voice like an organ. His countenance was

open and engaging, usually sedate of expression, but capable of any modifications at the shortest notice. Add to this his intelligence, shrewdness, tact, humor, and that he was a ready debater and elegant declaimer, and had the gift of bringing out, to the fullest extent, his resources, and you may see that Ovid, in a new country, was a man apt to make no mean impression. He drew the loose population around him, as the magnet draws iron filings. He was a man for the "boys,"—then a numerous and influential class. His generous profusion and free-handed manner impressed them as the bounty of Cæsar the loafing commonalty of Rome: Bolus was no niggard. He never higgled or chaffered about small things. He was as free with his own money—if he ever had any of his own—as with yours. If he never paid borrowed money, he never asked payment of others. If you wished him to lend you any, he would give you a handful without counting it: if you handed him any, you were losing time in counting it, for you never saw any thing of it again; Shallow's funded debt on Falstaff were as safe an investment: this would have been an equal commerce, but, unfortunately for Bolus's friends, the proportion be-

tween his disbursements and receipts was something scant. Such a spendthrift never made a track even in the flush times of 1836. It took as much to support him as a first-class steamboat. His bills at the groceries were as long as John Q. Adams's Abolition Petition, or, if pasted together, would have matched the great Chartist memorial. He would as soon treat a regiment or charter the grocery for the day, as any other way; and after the crowd had heartily drank—some of them "laying their souls in soak,"—if he did not have the money convenient—as when did he?—he would fumble in his pocket, mutter something about nothing less than a $100 bill, and direct the score, with a lordly familiarity, to be charged to his account.

Ovid had early possessed the faculty of ubiquity. He had been born in more places than Homer. In an hour's discourse, *he* would, with more than the speed of Ariel, travel at every point of the compass, from Portland to San Antonio, some famous adventure always occurring just as he "rounded to," or while stationary, though he did not remain longer than to see it. He was present at every important debate in the Senate at Washington,

and had heard every popular speaker on the hustings, at the bar, and in the pulpit, in the United States. He had been concerned in many important causes with Grymes and against Mazereau in New Orleans, and had borne no small share in the fierce forensic battles, which, with singular luck, *he* and Grymes always won in the courts of the Crescent City. And such frolics as they had when they laid aside their heavy armor, after the heat and burden of the day! Such gambling! A negro *ante* and twenty on the call, was moderate playing. What lots of "Ethiopian captives" and other plunder *he raked down* vexed Arithmetic to count and credulity to believe; and, had it not been for Bolus's generosity in giving "the boys" a chance to win back *by doubling off on the high hand*, there is no knowing what changes of owners would not have occurred in the Rapides or on the German coast.

The Florida war and the Texas revolution, had each furnished a brilliant theatre for Ovid's chivalrous emprise. Jack Hays and he were great chums. Jack and he had many a hearty laugh over the odd trick of Ovid, in lassoing a Camanche chief, while galloping a stolen

horse bare-backed, up the San Saba hills. But he had the rig on Jack again, when he made him charge on a brood of about twenty Camanches, who had got into a mote of timber in the prairies, and were shooting their arrows from the covert, while Ovid, with a six-barrelled rifle, was taking them on the wing as Jack rode in and flushed them!

It was an affecting story and feelingly told, that of his and Jim Bowie's rescuing an American girl from the Apaches, and returning her to her parents in St. Louis; and it would have been still more tender, had it not been for the unfortunate necessity Bolus was under of shooting a brace of gay lieutenants on the border, one frosty morning, before breakfast, back of the fort, for taking unbecoming liberties with the fair damosel, the spoil of his bow and spear.

But the girls Ovid courted, and the miraculous adventures he had met with in love, beggared, by the comparison, all the fortune of war had done for him. Old Nugent's daughter, Sallie, was his narrowest escape. Sallie was accomplished to the romantic extent of two ocean steamers, and four blocks of buildings in Boston, separated only from immediate "percep-

tion and pernancy," by the contingency of old Nugent's recovering from a confirmed dropsy, for which he had twice been ineffectually tapped. The day was set—the presents made—superb of course—the guests invited: the old Sea Captain insisted on Bolus's setting his negroes free, and taking five thousand dollars apiece for the loss. Bolus's love for the "peculiar institution" would n't stand it. Rather than submit to such degradation, Ovid broke off the match, and left Sallie broken-hearted; a disease from which she did not recover until about six months afterwards, when she ran off with the mate of her father's ship, the Sea Serpent, in the Rio trade.

Gossip and personal anecdote were the especial subjects of Ovid's elocution. He was intimate with all the notabilities of the political circles. He was a privileged visitor of the political green-room. He was admitted back into the laboratory where the political thunder was manufactured, and into the office where the magnetic wires were worked. He knew the origin of every party question and movement, and had a finger in every pie the party cooks of Tammany baked for the body politic.

One thing in Ovid I can never forgive. This

was his coming it over poor Ben. I don't object to it on the score of the swindle. That was to have been expected. But swindling Ben was degrading the dignity of the art. True, it illustrated the universality of his science, but it lowered it to a beggarly process of mean deception. There was no skill in it. It was little better than crude larceny. A child could have done it; it had as well been done to a child. It was like catching a cow with a lariat, or setting a steel trap for a pet pig. True, Bolus had nearly practised out of custom. He had worn his art threadbare. Men, who could afford to be cheated, had all been worked up or been scared away. Besides, Frost could n't be put off. He talked of money in a most ominous connection with blood. The thing could be settled by a bill of exchange. Ben's name was unfortunately good — the amount some $1,600. Ben *had* a fine tract of land in S——r. He has not got it now. Bolus only gave Ben one wrench—that was enough. Ben never breathed easy afterwards. All the V's and X's of ten years' hard practice, went in that penful of ink. Fie! Bolus, Monroe Edwards would n't have done that. He would sooner have sunk down to the level of

some honest calling for a living, than have put his profession to so mean a shift. I can conceive of but one extenuation: Bolus was on the lift for Texas, and the desire was natural to qualify himself for citizenship.

The genius of Bolus, strong in its unassisted strength, yet gleamed out more brilliantly under the genial influence of "the rosy." With boon companions and "reaming swats," it was worth while to hear him of a winter evening. He could "clothe the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn." The most common-place objects became dignified. There was a history to the commonest articles about him; that book was given him by Mr. Van Buren—the walking stick was a present from Gen. Jackson; the thrice-watered Monongahela, just drawn from the grocery hard by, was the last of a distillation of 1825, smuggled in from Ireland, and presented to him by a friend in New Orleans, on easy terms with the collector; the cigars, not too fragrant, were of a box sent him by a schoolmate from Cuba, in 1834—*before* he visited the Island. And talking of Cuba—he had met with an adventure there, the impression of which never could be effaced from his mind. He had gone, at the

instance of Don Carlos y Cubanos, (an intimate classmate in a Kentucky Catholic College,) whose life he had saved from a mob in Louisville, at the imminent risk of his own. The Don had a sister of blooming sixteen, the least of whose charms was two or three coffee plantations, some hundreds of slaves, and a suitable garnish of doubloons, accumulated during her minority, in the hands of her uncle and guardian, the Captain-General. All went well with the young lovers—for such, of course, they were—until Bolus, with his usual frank indiscretion, in a conversation with the Priest avowed himself a Protestant. Then came trouble. Every effort was made to convert him; but Bolus's faith resisted the eloquent tongue of the Priest, and the more eloquent eyes of Donna Isabella. The brother pleaded the old friendship—urged a seeming and formal conformity—the Captain-General argued the case like a politician—the Señorita like a warm and devoted woman. All would not do. The Captain-General forbade his longer sojourn on the Island. Bolus took leave of the fair Señorita; the parting interview, held in the orange bower, was affecting; Donna Isabella, with dishevelled hair, threw herself at his feet; the tears

streamed from her eyes; in liquid tones, broken by grief, she implored him to relent, reminded him of her love, of her trust in him. "Gentlemen," Bolus continued, "I confess to the weakness—I wavered—but then my eyes happened to fall on the breast-pin with a lock of my mother's hair—I recovered my courage; I shook her gently from me. I felt my last hold on earth was loosened—my last hope of peace destroyed. Since that hour, my life has been a burden. Yes, gentlemen, you see before you a broken-hearted man—a martyr to his Religion. But, away with these melancholy thoughts! boys, pass around the jorum." And wiping his eyes, he drowned the wasting sorrow in a long draught of the poteen; and, being much refreshed, was able to carry the burden on a little further,—*videlicet*, to the next lie.

It must not be supposed that Bolus was destitute of the tame virtue of prudence—or that this was confined to the avoidance of the improvident habit of squandering his money in paying old debts. He took reasonably good care of his person. He avoided all unnecessary exposures, chiefly from a patriotic desire, probably, of continuing his good offices to his country. His recklessness was, for the most part,

lingual. To hear him talk, one might suppose he held his carcass merely for a target to try guns and knives upon; or that the business of his life was to draw men up to ten paces or less, for sheer improvement in marksmanship. Such exploits as he had gone through with, dwarfed the heroes of romance to very pigmy and sneaking proportions. Pistol at the Bridge, when he bluffed at honest Fluellen, might have envied the swash-buckler airs Ovid would sometimes put on. But I never could exactly identify the place he had laid out for his burying-ground. Indeed, I had occasion to know that he declined to understand several not very ambiguous hints, upon which he might, with as good a grace as Othello, have spoken, not to mention one or two pressing invitations which his modesty led him to refuse. I do not know that the base sense of fear had any thing to do with these declinations; possibly he might have thought he had done his share of fighting, and did not wish to monopolize; or his principles forbade it—I mean those which opposed his paying a debt; knowing he could not cheat that inexorable creditor, Death, of his claim, he did the next thing to it; which was to delay and shirk payment as long as possible.

It remains to add a word of criticism on this great *Lyric* artist.

In lying, Bolus was not only a successful, but he was a very able practitioner. Like every other eminent artist, he brought all his faculties to bear upon his art. Though quick of perception and prompt of invention, he did not trust himself to the inspirations of his genius for *improvising* a lie, when he could well premeditate one. He deliberately built up the substantial masonry, relying upon the occasion and its accessories, chiefly for embellishment and collateral supports; as Burke excogitated the more solid parts of his great speeches, and left unprepared only the illustrations and fancy-work.

Bolus's manner was, like every truly great man's, his own. It was excellent. He did not come blushing up to a lie, as some otherwise very passable liars do, as if he were making a mean compromise between his guilty passion or morbid vanity, and a struggling conscience. Bolus had long since settled all disputes with *his* conscience. He and it were on very good terms—at least, if there was no affection between the couple, there was no fuss in the family; or, if there were any scenes or angry

passages, they were reserved for strict privacy and never got out. My own opinion is, that he was as destitute of the article as an ostrich. Thus he came to his work bravely, cheerfully, and composedly. The delights of composition, invention, and narration, did not fluster his style or agitate his delivery. He knew how, in the tumult of passion, to assume the "temperance to give it smoothness." A lie never ran away with him, as it is apt to do with young performers; he could always manage and guide it; and to have seen him fairly mounted, would have given you some idea of the polished elegance of D'Orsay, and the superb *ménage* of Murat. There is a tone and manner of narration different from those used in delivering ideas just conceived; just as there is a difference between the sound of the voice in reading and in speaking. Bolus knew this, and practised on it. When he was narrating, he put the facts in order, and seemed to speak them out of his memory; but not formally, or as if by rote. He would stop himself to correct a date; recollect he was wrong—he was *that* year at the White Sulphur or Saratoga, etc.; having got the date right, the names of persons present would be incorrect, etc.; and these he corrected in

tual condition of the world, is fatal. True, there seems to be some inconsistency here. Dickens and Bulwer can do as much lying, for money, too, as they choose and no one blame them any more than they would blame a lawyer regularly *fee'd* to do it; but let any man, gifted with the same genius, try his hand at it, not deliberately, and in writing, but merely orally, and ugly names are given him, and he is proscribed. Bolus heroically suppressed exultation over the victories his lies achieved.

Alas! for the beautiful things of earth, its flowers, its sunsets—its lovely girls—its lies—brief and fleeting are their date. Lying is a very delicate accomplishment. It must be tenderly cared for and jealously guarded. It must not be overworked. Bolus forgot this salutary caution. The people found out his art. However dull the commons are as to other matters, they get sharp enough after a while to whatever concerns their bread and butter. Bolus, not having confined his art to political matters, sounded at last the depths and explored the limits of popular credulity. The denizens of this degenerate age had not the disinterestedness of Prince Hal, who "cared not how many fed at his cost"; they got tired at last of

promises to pay. The credit system, common before as pump water, adhering like the elective franchise to every voter, began to take the worldly wisdom of Falstaff's mercer, and ask security, and security liked something more substantial than plausible promises. In this forlorn condition of the country, returning to its savage state, and abandoning the refinements of a ripe Anglo-Saxon civilization for the sordid safety of Mexican or Chinese modes of traffic; deserting the sweet simplicity of its ancient trustingness and the poetic illusions of Augustus Tomlinson for the vulgar saws of poor Richard—Bolus, with a sigh like that breathed out by his great prototype after his apostrophe to London, gathered up, one bright moonlight night, his articles of value, shook the dust from his feet, and departed from a land unworthy of his longer sojourn. With that delicate consideration for the feelings of his friends, which, like the politeness of Charles II., never forsook him, he spared them the pain of a parting interview. He left no greetings of kindness, no messages of love, nor did he ask assurances of their lively remembrance. It was quite unnecessary. In every house he had left an autograph, in every ledger a souvenir.

They will never forget him. Their connection with him will be ever regarded as

> ——— "The *greenest* spot
> In memory's waste."

Poor Ben, whom he had honored with the last marks of his confidence, can scarcely speak of him to this day, without tears in his eyes. Far away towards the setting sun he hied him, until, at last, with a hermit's disgust at the degradation of the world, like Ignatius turned monk, he pitched his tabernacle amidst the smiling prairies that sleep in vernal beauty, in the shadow of the San Saba mountains. There let his mighty genius rest. It has earned repose. We leave Themistocles to his voluntary exile.—*The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM SHELTON.[1]

(BORN 1814—DIED 1881.)

INCIDENTS IN A RETIRED LIFE.

LAST year I had a solitary peach upon a solitary tree, for the early frost frustrated the delicious crop. This only one, which, from its golden color, might be entitled El Dorado, I watched with fear and trembling from day to day, patiently waiting for the identical time when I should buoy it up carefully in my hand, that its pulp should not be bruised, tear off its thin peel, admonished that the time had come by a gradual releasing of the fruit from its adhesion to the stem, and I appointed the next day for the ceremonial of plucking. The morrow dawned, as bright a day as ever dawned upon the earth, and on a near approach I found it still there, and said, with chuckling gratification, "There is some delicacy in thieves." Alas! on reaching it, somebody had taken a large bite out of the ripest cheek, but with a sac-

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxiii.

rilegious witticism had left it sticking to the stem. The detestable prints of the teeth which bit it were still in it, and a wasp was gloating at its core. Had he taken the whole peach, I should have vented my feelings in a violence of indignation unsuited to a balmy garden. But as he was joker enough to bite only its sunny side, I must forgive him, as one who has some element of salvation in his character, because he is disposed to look at the bright side of things. What is a peach? A mere globe of succulent and delicious pulp, which I would rather be deprived of than cultivate bad feelings, even towards thieves. Wherever you find rogues whose deeds involve a saline element of wit, make up your mind that they are no rogues.—*Up the River.*

This morning the Shanghai hen laid another egg, of a rich brunette complexion, which we took away, and replaced by a common vulgar egg, intending to reserve the Shanghai's in a cool place until the time of incubation. Very much amused was I with the sequel. The proud and haughty superiority of the breed manifested itself by detecting the cheat and resenting the insult. Shang and Eng flew at the supposititious egg with the utmost indigna-

tion and picked it to pieces, scratching the remnants of the shell from the nest. . . . There is one peculiarity of these fowls which deserves to be mentioned. When I removed mine from the basket, I thought that the worthy donor had clipped their wings to prevent them from flying away, or scaling the hennery. On farther knowledge I have learned that their style and fashion is that of the jacket-sleeve and bob-tail coat. Their eminent domesticity is clearly signified by this, because they cannot get over an ordinary fence, and would not if they could. It is because they have no disposition to do this, that Nature has cropt them of their superfluous wings, and given them a plumage suitable to their desires. "Their sober wishes never learn to stray." They often come into the kitchen, but never go abroad to associate with common fowls, but remain at home in dignified retirement. Another thing remarkable and quite renowned about this breed is, the Oriental courtesy and politeness of the cock. If you throw a piece of bread, he waits till the hen helps herself first, and often carries it to her in his own beak. The feathered people in the East, and those *not* feathered, are far superior to ours in those elaborate and delightful forms

of manner which add a charm and zest to life. This has been from the days of Abraham until now. There are no common people in these realms. All are polite, and the very roosters illustrate the best principles laid down in any book of etiquette. *Book of Etiquette!* What is conventionalism without the in-born sense? Can any man or beast be taught to be mechanically polite? Not at all: not at all! . . .

I have received a present of a pair of Cochin-Chinas, a superb cock and a dun-colored hen. I put them with my other fowls in the cellar, to protect them for a short time from the severity of the weather. My Shanghai rooster had for several nights been housed up; for on one occasion, when the cold was snapping, he was discovered under the lee of a stone wall, standing on one leg, taking no notice of the approach of any one, and nearly gone. When brought in, he backed up against the red-hot kitchen-stove, and burnt his tail off. Before this he had no feathers in the rear to speak of, and now he is bob-tailed indeed. Anne sewed upon him a jacket of carpet, and put him in a tea-box for the night; and it was ludicrous on the next morning to see him lifting up his head above the square prison-box, and crowing lustily to

greet the day. But before breakfast-time he had a dreadful fit. He retreated against the wall, he fell upon his side, he kicked, and he "carried on"; but when the carpet was taken off, he came to himself, and ate corn with a voracious appetite. His indisposition was, no doubt, occasioned by a rush of blood to the head from the tightness of the bandages. When Shanghai and Cochin met together in the cellar, they enacted in that dusky hole all the barbarities of a profane cockpit. I heard a sound as if from the tumbling of barrels, followed by a dull, thumping noise, like spirit-rappings, and went below, where the first object which met my eye was a mouse creeping along the beam out of an excavation in my pine-apple cheese. As for the fowls, instead of salutation after the respectful manner of their country—which is expressed thus: Shang knocks knees to Cochin, bows three times, touches the ground, and makes obeisance—they were engaged in a bloody fight, unworthy of celestial poultry. With their heads down, eyes flashing, and red as vipers, and with a feathery frill or ruffle about their necks, they were leaping at each other, to see who should hold dominion over the ash-heap. It put me exactly in mind of

two Scythians or two Greeks in America, where each wished to be considered the only Scythian or only Greek in the country. A contest or emulation is at all times highly animating and full of zest, whether two scholars write, two athletes strive, two boilers strain, or two cocks fight. Every lazy dog in the vicinity is immediately at hand. I looked on until I saw the Shanghai's peepers darkened, and his comb streaming with blood. These birds contended for some days after for pre-eminence, on the lawn, and no flinching could be observed on either part, although the Shanghai was by one-third the smaller of the two. At last the latter was thoroughly mortified; his eyes wavered and wandered vaguely, as he stood opposite the foe; he turned tail and ran. From that moment he became the veriest coward, and submitted to every indignity without attempting to resist. He suffered himself to be chased about the lawn, fled from the Indian meal, and was almost starved. Such submission on his part at last resulted in peace, and the two rivals walked side by side without fighting, and ate together, with a mutual concession, of the corn. This, in turn, engendered a degree of presumption on the part of the Shanghai cock; and one

day, when the dew sparkled and the sun shone peculiarly bright, he so far forgot himself as to ascend a hillock and venture on a tolerably triumphant crow. It showed a lack of judgment; his cock-a-doodle-doo proved fatal. Scarcely had he done so, when Cochin-China rushed upon him, tore out his feathers, and flogged him so severely that it was doubtful whether he would remain with us. Now, alas! he presents a sad spectacle: his comb frozen off, his tail burnt off, and his head knocked to a jelly. While the corn jingles in the throats of his compeers when they eagerly snap it, as if they were eating from a pile of shilling pieces or fi'-penny bits, he stands aloof and grubs in the ground. How changed!—*Up the River.*

THOMAS BANGS THORPE.[1]

(BORN 1815—DIED 1878.)

A "HOOSIER" IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty miles from New Orleans reposes, in all rural happiness, one of the pleasantest little towns in the South, that reflects itself in the mysterious waters of the Mississippi.

To the extreme right of the town, looking at it from the river, may be seen a comfortable-looking building, surrounded by China trees; just such a place as sentimental misses dream of when they have indistinct notions of "settling in the world."

This little "burban bandbox," however, is not occupied by the airs of love, nor the airs of the lute, but by a strong limb of the law, a gnarled one too, who knuckles down to business, and digs out of the "uncertainties of his profession" decisions, and reasons, and causes, and effects, nowhere to be met with, except in the science

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxv.

called, par excellence, the "perfection of human reason."

Around the interior walls of this romantic-looking place may be found an extensive library, where all the "statutes," from Moses' time down to the present day, are ranged side by side; in these musty books the owner revels day and night, digesting "digests," and growing the while sallow, with indigestion.

On the evening-time of a fine summer's day, the sage lawyer might have been seen walled in with books and manuscripts, his eye full of thought, and his bald high forehead sparkling with the rays of the setting sun, as if his genius was making itself visible to the senses; page after page he searched, musty parchments were scanned, an expression of care and anxiety indented itself on the stern features of his face, and with a sigh of despair he desisted from his labors, uttering aloud his feelings that he feared his case was a hopeless one.

Then he renewed again his mental labor with tenfold vigor, making the very silence, with which he pursued his thoughts, ominous, as if a spirit were in his presence.

The door of the lawyer's office opened, there pressed forward the tall, gaunt figure of a man,

a perfect model of physical power and endurance—a Western flatboatman. The lawyer heeded not his presence, and started, as if from a dream, as the harsh tones of inquiry, grated upon his ear, of,

"Does a 'Squire live here?"

"They call me so," was the reply, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Well, 'Squire," continued the intruder, "I have got a case for you, and I want jestess, if it costs the best load of produce that ever come from In-di-an."

The man of the law asked what was the difficulty.

"It 's this, 'Squire: I 'm bound for Orleans, and put in here for coffee and other little fixins; a chap with a face whiskered up like a prarie dog, says, says he,

"'Stranger, I see you 've got cocks on board of your boat—bring one ashore, and I 'll pit one against him that 'll lick his legs off in less time than you could gaff him.' Well, 'Squire, *I never take a dar.* Says I, 'Stranger, I 'm thar at wunce'; and in twenty minutes the cocks were on the levee, like parfect saints.

"We chucked them together, and my bird, 'Squire, now mind, 'Squire, my bird never

struck a lick, not a single blow, but tuck to his heels and run, and by thunder, threw up his feed, actewelly vomited. The stakeholder gave up the money agin me, and now I want jestess; as sure as fogs, my bird was physicked, or he 'd stood up to his business like a wild cat."

The lawyer heard the story with patience, but flatly refused to have any thing to do with the matter.

"Prehaps," said the boatman, drawing out a corpulent pocket-book, "prehaps you think I can't pay—here 's the money; help yourself—give me jestess, and draw on my purse like an ox team."

To the astonishment of the flatboatman, the lawyer still refused, but unlike many of his profession, gave his would-be client, without charge, some general advice about going on board of his boat, shoving off for New Orleans, and abandoning the suit altogether.

The flatboatman stared with profound astonishment, and asked the lawyer, "if he was a sure enough 'Squire."

Receiving an affirmative reply, he pressed every argument he could use, to have him undertake his case and get him "jestess," but when he found that his efforts were unavailing,

he quietly seated himself for the first time, put his hat aside,—crossed his legs,—then looking up to the ceiling with an expression of great patience, he requested the "'Squire, to read to him the Louisiana laws on cock-fighting."

The lawyer said that he did not know of a single statute in the State upon the subject. The boatman started up as if he had been shot, exclaiming—

"No laws in the State on cock-fighting? No, no, 'Squire, you can't possum me; give us the law."

The refusal again followed; the astonishment of the boatman increased, and throwing himself in a comico-heroic attitude, he waved his long fingers around the sides of the room, and asked,

"What all them thar books were about?"

"All about the law."

"Well, then, 'Squire, am I to understand that not one of them thar books contain a single law on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And, 'Squire, am I to understand that thar ain't no laws in Louisiana on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And am I to understand that you call your-

self a 'Squire, and that you don't know anything about cock-fighting?"

"You are."

The astonishment of the boatman at this reply for a moment was unbounded, and then suddenly ceased; the awe with which he looked upon "the 'Squire" also ceased, and resuming his natural awkward and familiar carriage, he took up his hat, and walking to the door, with a broad grin of supreme contempt in his face, he observed,—

"That a 'Squire that did not know the laws of cock-fighting, in his opinion, was distinctly an infernal old chuckel-headed fool!"—*The Hive of the Bee-hunter.*

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

(BORN, 1816—DIED, 1887.)

THE COQUETTE—A PORTRAIT.

"YOU 'RE clever at drawing, I own,'
Said my beautiful cousin Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She 's painted already," quoth I;
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now none of your joking,—but try
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I 'll paint you as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,"
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette,)
"And is n't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxii.

"And then she is daintily made"
(A smile from the dainty Lisette,)
"By people expert in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She 's the winningest ways with the beaux,"
("Go on!" said the winning Lisette,)
"But there is n't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,"
(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)
"But her weeping is all in my eye,—
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she 's a creature of art,"
("O hush!" said the frowning Lisette,)
"With merely the ghost of a heart,—
Enough for a thorough Coquette.

"And yet I could easily prove"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette,)
"The lady is always in love,—
In love with herself,—the Coquette!

"There,—do not be angry!—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago,
To paint *you*—a thorough Coquette!"

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.[1]

(BORN, 1817—DIED, 1881.)

THE PETTIBONE LINEAGE.

MY name is Esek Pettibone, and I wish to affirm in the outset that it is a good thing to be well-born. In thus connecting the mention of my name with a positive statement, I am not unaware that a catastrophe lies coiled up in the juxtaposition. But I cannot help writing plainly that I am still in favor of a distinguished family-tree. ESTO PERPETUA! To have had somebody for a great-grandfather that was somebody is exciting. To be able to look back on long lines of ancestry that were rich, but respectable, seems decorous and all right. The present Earl of Warwick, I think, must have an idea that strict justice has been done *him* in the way of being launched properly into the world. I saw the Duke of Newcastle once, and as the farmer in Conway described Mount Washington, I thought the Duke felt a

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxiv.

propensity to "hunch up some." Somehow it is pleasant to look down on the crowd and have a conscious right to do so.

Left an orphan at the tender age of four years, having no brothers or sisters to prop me round with young affections and sympathies, I fell into three pairs of hands, excellent in their way, but peculiar. Patience, Eunice, and Mary Ann Pettibone were my aunts on my father's side. All my mother's relations kept shady when the lonely orphan looked about for protection; but Patience Pettibone, in her stately way, said,—"The boy belongs to a good family, and he shall never want while his three aunts can support him." So I went to live with my plain, but benignant protectors, in the State of New Hampshire.

During my boyhood, the best-drilled lesson that fell to my keeping was this: "Respect yourself. We come of more than ordinary parentage. Superior blood was probably concerned in getting up the Pettibones. Hold your head erect, and some day you shall have proof of your high lineage."

I remember once, on being told that I must not share my juvenile sports with the butcher's three little beings, I begged to know why not.

Aunt Eunice looked at Patience, and Mary Ann knew what she meant.

"My child," slowly murmured the eldest sister, "our family no doubt came of a very old stock; perhaps we belong to the nobility. Our ancestors, it is thought, came over laden with honors, and no doubt were embarrassed with riches, though the latter importation has dwindled in the lapse of years. Respect yourself, and when you grow up you will not regret that your old and careful aunt did not wish you to play with the butcher's offspring."

I felt mortified that I ever had a desire to "knuckle up" with any but kings' sons, or sultans' little boys. I longed to be among my equals in the urchin line, and fly my kite with only high-born youngsters.

Thus I lived in a constant scene of self-enchantment on the part of the sisters, who assumed all the port and feeling that properly belonged to ladies of quality. Patrimonial splendor to come danced before their dim eyes; and handsome settlements, gay equipages, and a general grandeur of some sort loomed up in the future for the American branch of the House of Pettibone.

It was a life of opulent self-delusion, which

my aunts were never tired of nursing; and I was too young to doubt the reality of it. All the members of our little household held up their heads, as if each said, in so many words, "There is no original sin in *our* composition, whatever of that commodity there may be mixed up with the common clay of Snowborough."

Aunt Patience was a star, and dwelt apart. Aunt Eunice looked at her through a determined pair of spectacles, and worshipped while she gazed. The youngest sister lived in a dreamy state of honors to come, and had constant zoölogical visions of lions, griffins, and unicorns, drawn and quartered in every possible style known to the Heralds' College. The Reverend Hebrew Bullet, who used to drop in quite often and drink several compulsory glasses of home-made wine, encouraged his three parishioners in their aristocratic notions, and extolled them for what he called their "stooping-down to every-day life." He differed with the ladies of our house only on one point. He contended that the unicorn of the Bible and the rhinoceros of to-day were one and the same animal. My aunts held a different opinion.

In the sleeping-room of my Aunt Patience

reposed a trunk. Often during my childish years I longed to lift the lid and spy among its contents the treasures my young fancy conjured up as lying there in state. I dared not ask to have the cover raised for my gratification, as I had often been told I was "too little" to estimate aright what that armorial box contained. "When you grow up, you shall see the inside of it," Aunt Mary used to say to me; and so I wondered, and wished, but all in vain. I must have the virtue of *years* before I could view the treasures of past magnificence so long entombed in that wooden sarcophagus. Once I saw the faded sisters bending over the trunk together, and, as I thought, embalming something in camphor. Curiosity impelled me to linger, but, under some pretext, I was nodded out of the room.

Although my kinswomen's means were far from ample, they determined that Swiftmouth College should have the distinction of calling me one of her sons, and accordingly I was in due time sent for preparation to a neighboring academy. Years of study and hard fare in country boarding-houses told upon my self-importance as the descendant of a great Englishman, notwithstanding all my letters from the

honored three came with counsel to "respect myself and keep up the dignity of the family." Growing-up man forgets good counsel. The Arcadia of respectability is apt to give place to the levity of foot-ball and other low-toned accomplishments. The book of life, at that period, opens readily at fun and frolic, and the insignia of greatness give the school-boy no envious pangs.

I was nineteen when I entered the hoary halls of Swiftmouth. I call them hoary, because they had been built more than fifty years. To me they seemed uncommonly hoary, and I snuffed antiquity in the dusty purlieus. I now began to study, in good earnest, the wisdom of the past. I saw clearly the value of dead men and mouldy precepts, especially if the former had been entombed a thousand years, and if the latter were well done in sounding Greek and Latin. I began to reverence royal lines of deceased monarchs, and longed to connect my own name, now growing into college popularity, with some far-off mighty one who had ruled in pomp and luxury his obsequious people. The trunk in Snowborough troubled my dreams. In that receptacle still slept the proof of our family distinction. "I will go,"

quoth I, "to the home of my aunts next vacation and there learn *how* we became mighty, and discover precisely why we don't practise to day our inherited claims to glory."

I went to Snowborough. Aunt Patience was now anxious to lay before her impatient nephew the proof he burned to behold. But first she must explain. All the old family documents and letters were, no doubt, destroyed in the great fire of '98, as nothing in the shape of parchment or paper implying nobility had ever been discovered in Snowborough, or elsewhere. *But* there had been preserved, for many years, a suit of imperial clothes that had been worn by their great-grandfather in England, and, no doubt, in the New World also. These garments had been carefully watched and guarded, for were they not the proof that their owner belonged to a station in life second, if second at all, to the royal court of King George itself? Precious casket, into which I was soon to have the privilege of gazing! Through how many long years these fond, foolish virgins had lighted their unflickering lamps of expectation and hope at this cherished old shrine!

I was now on my way to the family repository

of all our greatness. I went up stairs "on the jump." We all knelt down before the well-preserved box; and my proud Aunt Patience, in a somewhat reverent manner, turned the key. My heart,—I am not ashamed to confess it now, although it is forty years since the quartet, in search of family honors, were on their knees that summer afternoon in Snowborough,—my heart beat high. I was about to look on that which might be a duke's or an earl's regalia. And I was descended from the owner in a direct line! I had lately been reading Shakspeare's "Titus Andronicus"; and I remembered, there before the trunk, the lines,—

> 'O sacred receptacle of my joys,
> Sweet cell of virtue and nobility!"

The lid went up, and the sisters began to unroll the precious garments, which seemed all enshrined in aromatic gums and spices. The odor of that interior lives with me to this day; and I grow faint with the memory of that hour. With pious precision the clothes were uncovered, and at last the whole suit was laid before my expectant eyes.

Reader! I am an old man now, and have not long to walk this planet. But, whatever dread-

ful shock may be in reserve for my declining years, I am certain I can bear it; for I went through that scene at Snowborough, and still live!

When the garments were fully displayed, all the aunts looked at me. I had been to college; I had studied Burke's "Peerage"; I had been once to New York. Perhaps I could immediately name the exact station in noble British life to which that suit of clothes belonged. I could; I saw it all at a glance. I grew flustered and pale. I dared not look my poor deluded female relatives in the face.

"What rank in the peerage do these gold-laced garments and big buttons betoken?" cried all three.

"*It is a suit of servant's livery!*" gasped I, and fell back with a shudder.

That evening, after the sun had gone down, we buried those hateful garments in a ditch at the bottom of the garden. Rest there perturbed body-coat, yellow trousers, brown gaiters, and all!

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

—*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1865.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.[1]

(BORN, 1818—DIED, 1869.)

THE FAMILY HORSE.

I HAVE bought me a horse. As I had obtained some skill in the *manége* during my younger days, it was a matter of consideration to have a saddle-horse. It surprised me to find good saddle-horses very abundant soon after my consultation with the stage proprietor upon this topic. There were strange saddle-horses to sell almost every day. One man was very candid about his horse: he told me, if his horse had a blemish, he would n't wait to be asked about it; he would tell it right out; and, if a man did n't want him then, he need n't take him. He also proposed to put him on trial for sixty days, giving his note for the amount paid him for the horse, to be taken up in case the animal were returned. I asked him what were the principal defects of the horse. He said he 'd been fired once, because they

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxii.

thought he was spavined; but there was no more spavin to him than there was to a fresh-laid egg—he was as sound as a dollar. I asked him if he would just state what were the defects of the horse. He answered, that he once had the pink-eye, and added, "now that 's honest." I thought so, but proceeded to question him closely. I asked him if he had the bots. He said, not a bot. I asked him if he would go. He said he would go till he dropped down dead; just touch him with a whip, and he 'll jump out of his hide. I inquired how old he was. He answered, just eight years, exactly—some men, he said, wanted to make their horses younger than they be; he was willing to speak right out, and own up he was eight years. I asked him if there were any other objections. He said no, except that he was inclined to be a little gay; "but," he added, "he is so kind, a child can drive him with a thread." I asked him if he was a good family horse. He replied that no lady that ever drew rein over him would be willing to part with him. Then I asked him his price. He answered that no man could have bought him for one hundred dollars a month ago, but now he was willing to sell him for seventy-five, on ac-

count of having a note to pay. This seemed such a very low price, I was about saying I would take him, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass whispered, that I had better *see the horse first.* I confess I was a little afraid of losing my bargain by it, but, out of deference to Mrs. S., I did ask to see the horse before I bought him. He said he would fetch him down. "No man," he added, "ought to buy a horse unless he 's saw him." When the horse came down, it struck me that, whatever his qualities might be, his personal appearance was against him. One of his fore legs was shaped like the handle of our punch-ladle, and the remaining three legs, about the fetlock, were slightly bunchy. Besides, he had no tail to brag of; and his back had a very hollow sweep, from his high haunches to his low shoulder-blades. I was much pleased, however, with the fondness and pride manifested by his owner, as he held up, by both sides of the bridle, the rather longish head of his horse, surmounting a neck shaped like a pea-pod, and said, in a sort of triumphant voice, "three-quarters blood!" Mrs. Sparrowgrass flushed up a little, when she asked me if I intended to purchase *that* horse, and added, that, if I did, she would never want to ride. So I told the

man he would not suit me. He answered by suddenly throwing himself upon his stomach across the back-bone of his horse, and then, by turning round as on a pivot, got up a-straddle of him; then he gave his horse a kick in the ribs that caused him to jump out with all his legs, like a frog, and then off went the spoon-legged animal with a gait that was not a trot, nor yet precisely pacing. He rode around our grass-plot twice, and then pulled his horse's head up like the cock of a musket. "That," said he, "is *time*." I replied that he did seem to go pretty fast. "Pretty fast!" said his owner. "Well, do you know Mr. ——?" mentioning one of the richest men in our village. I replied that I was acquainted with him. "Well," said he, "you know his horse?" I replied that I had no personal acquaintance with him. "Well," said he, "he 's the fastest horse in the county—jist so—I 'm willin' to admit it. But do you know I offered to put my horse agin' his to trot? I had no money to put up, or, rayther, to spare; but I offered to trot him, horse agin' horse, and the winner to take both horses, and I tell you—*he would n't do it!*"

Mrs. Sparrowgrass got a little nervous, and

twitched me by the skirt of the coat. "Dear," said she, "let him go." I assured her that I would not buy the horse, and told the man firmly I would not buy him. He said very well—if he did n't suit 't was no use to keep a-talkin': but he added, he 'd be down agin' with another horse, next morning, that belonged to his brother; and if he did n't suit me, then I did n't want a horse. With this remark he rode off. . . .

"It rains very hard," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, looking out of the window next morning. Sure enough, the rain was sweeping broadcast over the country, and the four Sparrowgrassii were flattening a quartet of noses against the window-panes, believing most faithfully the man would bring the horse that belonged to his brother, in spite of the elements. It was hoping against hope; no man having a horse to sell will trot him out in a rain-storm, unless he intend to sell him at a bargain—but childhood is so credulous! The succeeding morning was bright, however, and down came the horse. He had been very cleverly groomed, and looked pleasant under the saddle. The man led him back and forth before the door. "There, 'squire, 's as good a hos as ever stood on iron."

Mrs. Sparrowgrass asked me what he meant by that. I replied, it was a figurative way of expressing, in horse-talk, that he was as good a horse as ever stood in shoe-leather. "He 's a handsome hos, 'squire," said the man. I replied that he did seem to be a good-looking animal; but, said I, "he does not quite come up to the description of a horse I have read." "Whose hos was it?" said he. I replied it was the horse of Adonis. He said he did n't know him; but, he added, "there is so many hosses stolen, that the descriptions are stuck up now pretty common." To put him at his ease (for he seemed to think I suspected him of having stolen the horse), I told him the description I meant had been written some hundreds of years ago by Shakspeare, and repeated it:

> "Round-hooft, short-joynted, fetlocks shag and long,
> Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostrils wide,
> High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
> Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"'Squire," said he, "that will do for a song, but it ain't no p'ints of a good hos. Trotters nowadays go in all shapes, big heads and little heads, big eyes and little eyes, short ears or long ears, thick tail and no tail; so as they

have sound legs, good l'in, good barrel, and good stifle, and wind, 'squire, and speed well, they 'll fetch a price. Now, this animal is what I call a hos, 'squire; he 's got the p'ints, he 's stylish, he 's close-ribbed, a free goer, kind in harness—single or double—a good feeder." I asked him if being a good feeder was a desirable quality. He replied it was; "of course," said he, "if your hos is off his feed, he ain't good for nothin'. But what 's the use," he added, "of me tellin' you the p'ints of a good hos? You 're a hos man, 'squire: you know"—"It seems to me," said I, "there is something the matter with that left eye." "No, *sir*," said he, and with that he pulled down the horse's head, and, rapidly crooking his forefinger at the suspected organ, said, "see thar—don't wink a bit." "But he should wink," I replied. "Not onless his eye are weak," he said. To satisfy myself, I asked the man to let me take the bridle. He did so, and, as soon as I took hold of it, the horse started off in a remarkable retrograde movement, dragging me with him into my best bed of hybrid roses. Finding we were trampling down all the best plants, that had cost at auction from three-and-sixpence to seven shillings apiece, and that the

more I pulled, the more he backed, I finally let him have his own way, and jammed him stern-foremost into our largest climbing rose that had been all summer prickling itself, in order to look as much like a vegetable porcupine as possible. This unexpected bit of satire in his rear changed his retrograde movement to a side-long bound, by which he flirted off half the pots on the balusters, upsetting my gladioluses and tube-roses in the pod, and leaving great splashes of mould, geraniums, and red pottery in the gravel walk. By this time his owner had managed to give him two pretty severe cuts with the whip, which made him unmanageable, so I let him go. We had a pleasant time catching him again, when he got among the Lima-bean poles; but his owner led him back with a very self-satisfied expression. "Playful, ain't he, 'squire?" I replied that I thought he was, and asked him if it was usual for his horse to play such pranks. He said it was not. "You see, 'squire, he feels his oats, and hain't been out of the stable for a month. Use him, and he 's as kind as a kitten." With that he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. The animal really looked very well as he moved around the grass-plot, and, as Mrs. Sparrowgrass seemed

to fancy him, I took a written guarantee that he was sound, and bought him. What I gave for him is a secret; I have not even told Mrs. Sparrowgrass. . . .

We had passed Chicken Island, and the famous house with the stone gable and the one stone chimney, in which General Washington slept, as he made it a point to sleep in every old stone house in Westchester county, and had gone pretty far on the road, past the cemetery, when Mrs. Sparrowgrass said suddenly, "Dear, what is the matter with your horse?" As I had been telling the children all the stories about the river on the way, I managed to get my head pretty well inside of the carriage, and, at the time she spoke, was keeping a look-out in front with my back. The remark of Mrs. Sparrowgrass induced me to turn about, and I found the new horse behaving in a most unaccountable manner. He was going down hill with his nose almost to the ground, running the wagon first on this side and then on the other. I thought of the remark made by the man, and turning again to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, said, "Playful, is n't he?" The next moment I heard something breaking away in front, and then the Rockaway gave a lurch and stood still. Upon examination I found

the new horse had tumbled down, broken one shaft, gotten the other through the check-rein so as to bring his head up with a round turn, and besides had managed to put one of the traces in a single hitch around his off hind leg. So soon as I had taken all the young ones and Mrs. Sparrowgrass out of the Rockaway, I set to work to liberate the horse, who was choking very fast with the check-rein. It is unpleasant to get your fishing-line in a tangle when you are in a hurry for bites, but I never saw fishing-line in such a tangle as that harness. However, I set to work with a penknife, and cut him out in such a way as to make getting home by our conveyance impossible. When he got up, he was the sleepiest-looking horse I ever saw. "Mrs. Sparrowgrass," said I, "won't you stay here with the children until I go to the nearest farm-house?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass replied that she would. Then I took the horse with me to get him out of the way of the children, and went in search of assistance. The first thing the new horse did when he got about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident, was to tumble down a bank. Fortunately the bank was not over four feet high, but as I went with him, my trowsers were rent in a grievous place.

While I was getting the new horse on his feet again, I saw a colored person approaching, who came to my assistance. The first thing he did was to pull out a large jack-knife, and the next thing he did was to open the new horse's mouth and run the blade two or three times inside of the new horse's gums. Then the new horse commenced bleeding. "Dah, sah," said the man, shutting up his jack-knife, "ef 't had n't been for dat yer, your hos would a' bin a goner." "What was the matter with him?" said I. "Oh, he 's only jis got de blind-staggers, das all. Say," said he, before I was half indignant enough at the man who had sold me such an animal, "say, ain't your name Sparrowgrass?" I replied that my name was Sparrowgrass. "Oh," said he, "I knows you, I brung some fowls once down to you place. I heerd about you, and your hos. Dats de hos dats got de heaves so bad, heh! heh! You better sell dat hos." I determined to take his advice, and employed him to lead my purchase to the nearest place where he would be cared for. Then I went back to the Rockaway, but met Mrs. Sparrowgrass and the children on the road coming to meet me. She had left a man in charge of the Rockaway. When we got to the

Rockaway we found the man missing, also the whip and one cushion. We got another person to take charge of the Rockaway, and had a pleasant walk home by moonlight. I think a moonlight night delicious, upon the Hudson.

Does any person want a horse at a low price? A good stylish-looking animal, close-ribbed, good loin, and good stifle, sound legs, with only the heaves and blind-staggers, and a slight defect in one of his eyes? If at any time he slips his bridle and gets away, you can always approach him by getting on his left side. I will also engage to give a written guarantee that he is sound and kind, signed by the brother of his former owner.—*The Sparrowgrass Papers.*

HENRY W. SHAW ("*Josh Billings.*")[1]

(BORN, 1818—DIED, 1885.)

THE MUSKEETER.

MUSKEETERS are a game bug, but they won't bite at a hook. Thare iz millyuns ov them kaught every year, but not with a hook, this makes the market for them unstiddy, the supply allways exceeding the demand. The muskeeto iz born on the sly, and cums to maturity quicker than enny other ov the domestik animiles. A muskeeter at 3 hours old iz just az reddy, and anxious to go into bizzness for himself, az ever he iz, and bites the fust time az sharp, and natral, as red pepper duz. The muskeeter haz a good ear for musik, and sings without notes. The song ov the musketo iz monotonous to sum folks, but in me it stirs up the memorys ov other days. I hav lade awake, all nite long, menny a time and listened to the sweet anthems ov the muskeeter. I am satisfied that thare want nothing made in vain, but

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxxiii.

i kant help thinking how mighty kluss the musketoze kum to it. The muskeeter haz inhabited this world since its kreashun, and will probably hang around here until bizzness closes. Whare the muskeeter goes to in the winter iz a standing konumdrum, which all the naturalists hav giv up, but we kno he dont go far, for he iz on hand early each year with hiz probe fresh ground, and polished. Muskeeters must be one ov the luxurys ov life, they certainly aint one ov the necessarys, not if we kno ourselfs.—*Farmer's Alminax*, December, 1877.

LAFFING.

Anatomikally konsidered, laffing iz the sensation ov pheeling good all over, and showing it principally in one spot.

Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the 10 commandments. . . .

Theoretikally konsidered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existence. . . .

Pyroteknikally konsidered, it is the fire-works of the soul. . . .

But i don't intend this essa for laffing in the lump, but for laffing on the half-shell.

Laffing iz just az natral tew cum tew the

surface az a rat iz tew cum out ov hiz hole when he wants tew.

Yu kant keep it back by swallowing enny more than yu kan the heekups.

If a man *kan't* laff there iz sum mistake made in putting him together, and if he *won't* laff he wants az mutch keeping away from az a bear-trap when it iz sot.

I have seen people who laffed altogether too mutch for their own good or for ennyboddy else's; they laft like a barrell ov nu sider with the tap pulled out, a perfekt stream.

This is a grate waste ov natral juice.

I have seen other people who did n't laff enuff tew giv themselfs vent; they waz like a barrell ov nu sider too, that waz bunged up tite, apt tew start a hoop and leak all away on the sly.

Thare ain't neither ov theze 2 ways right, and they never ought tew be pattented. . . .

Genuine laffing iz the vent ov the soul, the nostrils of the heart, and iz just az necessary for health and happiness az spring water iz for a trout.

Thare iz one kind ov a laff that i always did rekommend; it looks out ov the eye fust with a merry twinkle, then it kreeps down on its hands and kneze and plays around the mouth

like a pretty moth around the blaze ov a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples ov the cheeks and rides around into thoze little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like the mello bloom on a damask roze, then it swims oph on the air with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner-bell, then it goes bak agin on golden tiptoze like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed ov violets in the heart where it cum from.

Thare iz another laff that nobody kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noizy az a distrikt skool let out tew play, it shakes a man up from hiz toze tew hiz temples, it dubbles and twists him like a whiskee phit, it lifts him oph from his cheer, like feathers, and lets him bak agin like melted led, it goes all thru him like a pikpocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath and forgot to be took out.

This kind ov a laff belongs tew jolly good phellows who are az healthy az quakers, and who are az eazy tew pleaze az a gall who iz going tew be married to-morrow.

In konclushion i say laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feal like it, for there ain't nothing in this world more

harty than a good honest laff, nor nothing more hollow than a hartless one.

When yu do laff open your mouth wide enuff for the noize tew git out without squealing, thro yure hed bak az tho yu waz going tew be shaved, hold on tew yure false hair with both hands and then laff till yure soul gets thoroly rested.

But i shall tell yu more about theze things at sum fewter time.—*Josh Billings: his works.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.[1]

(BORN, 1819—DIED, 1891.)

AT SEA.

THE sea was meant to be looked at from shore, as mountains are from the plain. Lucretius made this discovery long ago, and was blunt enough to blurt it forth, romance and sentiment—in other words, the pretence of feeling what we do not feel—being inventions of a later day. To be sure, Cicero used to twaddle about Greek literature and philosophy, much as people do about ancient art nowadays; but I rather sympathize with those stout old Romans who despised both, and believed that to found an empire was as grand an achievement as to build an epic or to carve a statue. But though there might have been twaddle, (as why not, since there was a Senate?) I rather think Petrarch was the first choragus of that sentimental dance which so long led young folks away from the realities of life like the

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxx.

piper of Hamelin, and whose succession ended, let us hope, with Chateaubriand. But for them, Byron, whose real strength lay in his sincerity, would never have talked about the "sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knows his rider," and all that sort of thing. Even if it had been true, steam has been as fatal to that part of the romance of the sea as to hand-loom weaving. But what say you to a twelve days' calm such as we dozed through in mid-Atlantic and in mid-August? I know nothing so tedious at once and exasperating as that regular slap of the wilted sails when the ship rises and falls with the slow breathing of the sleeping sea, one greasy, brassy swell following another, slow, smooth, immitigable as the series of Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets." Even at his best, Neptune, in a *tête-à-tête*, has a way of repeating himself, an obtuseness to the *ne quid nimis*, that is stupefying. It reminds me of organ-music and my good friend Sebastian Bach. A fugue or two will do very well; but a concert made up of nothing else is altogether too epic for me. There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no longer wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy fin-

back whale, who says *Pooh!* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore. The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behind it. Even smoking becomes an employment instead of a solace. Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C.? Yet I have seen them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home. He should be canonized as the patron-saint of newspaper correspondents, being the only man who ever had the very last authentic intelligence from everywhere.—*Fireside Travels.*

THE CHIEF MATE.

My first glimpse of Europe was the shore of Spain. Since we got into the Mediterranean, we have been becalmed for some days within easy view of it. All along are fine mountains,

brown all day, and with a bloom on them at sunset like that of a ripe plum. Here and there at their feet little white towns are sprinkled along the edge of the water, like the grains of rice dropped by the princess in the story. Sometimes we see larger buildings on the mountain slopes, probably convents. I sit and wonder whether the farther peaks may not be the Sierra Morena (the rusty saw) of Don Quixote. I resolve that they shall be, and am content. Surely latitude and longitude never showed me any particular respect, that I should be over-scrupulous with them.

But after all, Nature, though she may be more beautiful, is nowhere so entertaining as in man, and the best thing I have seen and learned at sea is our Chief Mate. My first acquaintance with him was made over my knife, which he asked to look at, and, after a critical examination, handed back to me, saying, "I should n't wonder if that 'ere was a good piece o' stuff." Since then he has transferred a part of his regard for my knife to its owner. I like folks who like an honest bit of steel, and take no interest whatever in "your Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff." There is always more than the average human nature in the man who has

a hearty sympathy with iron. It is a manly metal, with no sordid associations like gold and silver. My sailor fully came up to my expectation on further acquaintance. He might well be called an old salt who had been wrecked on Spitzbergen before I was born. He was not an American, but I should never have guessed it by his speech, which was the purest Cape Cod, and I reckon myself a good taster of dialects. Nor was he less Americanized in all his thoughts and feelings, a singular proof of the ease with which our omnivorous country assimilates foreign matter, provided it be Protestant, for he was a man ere he became an American citizen. He used to walk the deck with his hands in his pockets, in seeming abstraction, but nothing escaped his eye. *How* he saw I could never make out, though I had a theory that it was with his elbows. After he had taken me (or my knife) into his confidence, he took care that I should see whatever he deemed of interest to a landsman. Without looking up, he would say, suddenly, "There 's a whale blowin' clearn up to win'ard," or, "Them 's porpises to leeward: that means chănge o' wind." He is as impervious to cold as a polar bear, and paces the deck during his watch much as one of

those yellow hummocks goes slumping up and down his cage. On the Atlantic, if the wind blew a gale from the northeast, and it was cold as an English summer, he was sure to turn out in a calico shirt and trousers, his furzy brown chest half bare, and slippers, without stockings. But lest you might fancy this to have chanced by defect of wardrobe, he comes out in a monstrous pea-jacket here in the Mediterranean, when the evening is so hot that Adam would have been glad to leave off his fig-leaves. "It 's a kind o' damp and unwholesome in these ere waters," he says, evidently regarding the Midland Sea as a vile standing pool, in comparison with the bluff ocean. At meals he is superb, not only for his strengths, but his weaknesses. He has somehow or other come to think me a wag, and if I ask him to pass the butter, detects an occult joke, and laughs as much as is proper for a mate. For you must know that our social hierarchy on shipboard is precise, and the second mate, were he present, would only laugh half as much as the first. Mr. X. always combs his hair, and works himself into a black frock-coat (on Sundays he adds a waistcoat) before he comes to meals, sacrificing himself nobly and painfully to the social proprieties.

The second mate, on the other hand, who eats after us, enjoys the privilege of shirt-sleeves, and is, I think, the happier man of the two. We do not have seats above and below the salt, as in old time, but above and below the white sugar. Mr. X. always takes brown sugar, and it is delightful to see how he ignores the existence of certain delicates which he considers above his grade, tipping his head on one side with an air of abstraction so that he may seem not to deny himself, but to omit helping himself from inadvertence, or absence of mind. At such times he wrinkles his forehead in a peculiar manner, inscrutable at first as a cuneiform inscription, but as easily read after you once get the key. The sense of it is something like this: "I, X., know my place, a height of wisdom attained by few. Whatever you may think, I do *not* see that currant jelly, nor that preserved grape. Especially a kind Providence has made me blind to bowls of white sugar, and deaf to the pop of champagne corks. It is much that a merciful compensation gives me a sense of the dingier hue of Havana, and the muddier gurgle of beer. Are there potted meats? My physician has ordered me three pounds of minced salt-junk at every

meal." There is such a thing, you know, as a ship's husband: X. is the ship's poor relation.

As I have said, he takes also a below-the-white-sugar interest in the jokes, laughing by precise point of compass, just as he would lay the ship's course, all *yawing* being out of the question with his scrupulous decorum at the helm. Once or twice I have got the better of him, and touched him off into a kind of compromised explosion, like that of damp fireworks, that splutter and simmer a little, and then go out with painful slowness and occasional relapses. But his fuse is always of the unwillingest, and you must blow your match, and touch him off again and again with the same joke. Or rather, you must magnetize him many times to get him *en rapport* with a jest. This once accomplished, you have him, and one bit of fun will last the whole voyage. He prefers those of one syllable, the *a-b abs* of humor. The gradual fattening of the steward, a benevolent mulatto with whiskers and ear-rings, who looks as if he had been meant for a woman, and had become a man by accident, as in some of those stories by the elder physiologists, is an abiding topic of humorous comment with Mr. X. "That 'ere stooard," he says, with a

brown grin like what you might fancy on the face of a serious and aged seal, "'s agittin' as fat 's a porpis. He was as thin's a shingle when he come aboord last v'yge. Them trousis 'll bust yit. He don't darst take 'em off nights, for the whole ship's company could n't git him into 'em agin." And then he turns aside to enjoy the intensity of his emotion by himself, and you hear at intervals low rumblings, an indigestion of laughter. He tells me of St. Elmo's fires, Marvell's *corposants*, though with him the original *corpos santos* has suffered a sea change, and turned to *comepleasants*, pledges of fine weather. I shall not soon find a pleasanter companion. It is so delightful to meet a man who knows just what you do *not*. Nay, I think the tired mind finds something in plump ignorance like what the body feels in cushiony moss. Talk of the sympathy of kindred pursuits! It is the sympathy of the upper and nether millstones, both forever grinding the same grist, and wearing each other smooth. One has not far to seek for book-nature, artist-nature, every variety of superinduced nature, in short, but genuine human-nature is hard to find. And how good it is! Wholesome as a potato, fit company for any dish. The free-

masonry of cultivated men is agreeable, but artificial, and I like better the natural grip with which manhood recognizes manhood.

X. has one good story, and with that I leave him, wishing him with all my heart that little inland farm at last which is his calenture as he paces the windy deck. One evening, when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked X. if it was coming on to blow. "No, I guess not," said he; "bumby the moon 'll be up, and scoff away that 'ere loose stuff." His intonation set the phrase "scoff away" in quotation-marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on. "Ther' was a Dutch cappen onct, an' his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot takin' his schnapps, an' says, 'Cappen, it 's agittin' thick, an' looks kin' o' squally, hed n't we 's good 's shorten sail?' 'Gimmy my alminick,' says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, 'The moon 's due in less'n half an hour, an' she 'll scoff away ev'ythin' clare agin.' So the mate he goes, an' bumby down he comes agin, an' says, 'Cappen, this 'ere 's the allfiredest, powerfullest moon 't ever you *did* see. She 's scoffed away the maintogallants'l, an' she 's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you 'd better look in

the alminick agin, an' fin' out when *this* moon sets. So the cappen thought 't was 'bout time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be." And X. walked away, rumbling inwardly, like the rote of the sea heard afar.

—*Fireside Travels.*

THE COURTIN'.

God makes such nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence and all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
 With a half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,

The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she 'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin"
"To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister":
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,

All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

—*Biglow Papers.*

LUCRETIA P. HALE.[1]

(BORN, 1820.)

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AT THE PETERKINS'.

AGAMEMNON felt that it became necessary for him to choose a profession. It was important on account of the little boys. If he should make a trial of several different professions, he could find out which would be the most likely to be successful, and it would then be easy to bring up the little boys in the right direction.

Elizabeth Eliza agreed with this. She thought the family occasionally made mistakes, and had come near disgracing themselves. Now was their chance to avoid this in future, by giving the little boys a proper education.

Solomon John was almost determined to become a doctor. From earliest childhood he had practised writing recipes on little slips of paper. Mrs. Peterkin, to be sure, was afraid of infection. She could not bear the idea of his

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxv.

bringing one disease after the other into the family circle. Solomon John, too, did not like sick people. He thought he might manage it, if he should not have to see his patients while they were sick. If he could only visit them when they were recovering, and when the danger of infection was over, he would really enjoy making calls.

He should have a comfortable doctor's chaise, and take one of the little boys to hold his horse while he went in, and he thought he could get through the conversational part very well, and feeling the pulse, perhaps looking at the tongue. He should take and read all the newspapers, and so be thoroughly acquainted with the news of the day to talk of. But he should not like to be waked up at night to visit. Mr. Peterkin thought that would not be necessary. He had seen signs on doors of "Night Doctor," and certainly it would be as convenient to have a sign of "Not a Night Doctor."

Solomon John thought he might write his advice to those of his patients who were dangerously ill, from whom there was danger of infection. And then Elizabeth Eliza agreed that his prescriptions would probably be so satisfac-

tory that they would keep his patients well, not too well to do without a doctor, but needing his recipes.

Agamemnon was delayed, however, in his choice of a profession by a desire he had to become a famous inventor. If he could only invent something important, and get out a patent, he would make himself known all over the country. If he could get out a patent, he would be set up for life, or at least as long as the patent lasted, and it would be well to be sure to arrange it to last through his natural life.

Indeed, he had gone so far as to make his invention. It had been suggested by their trouble with a key, in their late moving to their new house. He had studied the matter over a great deal. He looked it up in the Encyclopædia, and had spent a day or two in the Public Library, in reading about Chubb's Lock, and other patent locks.

But his plan was more simple. It was this: that all keys should be made alike! He wondered it had not been thought of before, but so it was, Solomon John said, with all inventions, with Christopher Columbus, and everybody. Nobody knew the invention till it was invented,

and then it looked very simple. With Agamemnon's plan, you need have but one key, that should fit every thing! It should be a medium-sized key, not too large to carry. It ought to answer for a house door, but you might open a portmanteau with it. How much less danger there would be of losing one's keys, if there were only one to lose!

Mrs. Peterkin thought it would be inconvenient if their father were out, and she wanted to open the jam-closet for the little boys. But Agamemnon explained that he did not mean there should be but one key in the family, or in a town,—you might have as many as you pleased,—only they should all be alike.

Elizabeth Eliza felt it would be a great convenience—they could keep the front door always locked, yet she could open it with the key of her upper drawer; that she was sure to have with her. And Mrs. Peterkin felt it might be a convenience if they had one on each story, so that they need not go up and down for it.

Mr. Peterkin studied all the papers and advertisements, to decide about the lawyer whom they should consult, and at last, one morning, they went into town to visit a patent-agent.

Elizabeth Eliza took the occasion to make a

call upon the lady from Philadelphia, but she came back hurriedly to her mother.

"I have had a delightful call," she said, "but perhaps I was wrong, I could not help, in conversation, speaking of Agamemnon's proposed patent. I ought not to have mentioned it, as such things are kept profound secrets; they say women always do tell things, I suppose that is the reason."

"But where is the harm?" asked Mrs. Peterkin. "I 'm sure you can trust the lady from Philadelphia!"

Elizabeth Eliza then explained that the lady from Philadelphia had questioned the plan a little, when it was told her, and had suggested that "if every body had the same key there would be no particular use in a lock."

"Did you explain to her," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that we were not all to have the same keys?"

"I could n't quite understand her," said Elizabeth Eliza, "but she seemed to think that burglars and other people might come in, if the keys were the same."

"Agamemnon would not sell his patent to burglars!" said Mrs. Peterkin, indignantly.

"But about other people," said Elizabeth Eliza,

"there is my upper drawer; the little boys might open it at Christmas-time,—and their presents in it!"

"And I am not sure that I could trust Amanda," said Mrs. Peterkin, considering.

Both she and Elizabeth Eliza felt that Mr. Peterkin ought to know what the lady from Philadelphia had suggested. Elizabeth Eliza then proposed going into town, but it would take so long, she might not reach them in time. A telegram would be better, and she ventured to suggest using the Telegraph Alarm.

For, on moving into their new house, they had discovered it was provided with all the modern improvements. This had been a disappointment to Mrs. Peterkin, for she was afraid of them, since their experience the last winter, when their water-pipes were frozen up. She had been originally attracted to the house by an old pump at the side, which had led her to believe there were no modern improvements. It had pleased the little boys, too. They liked to pump the handle up and down, and agreed to pump all the water needed, and bring it into the house.

There was also an old well, with a picturesque well-sweep, in a corner by the barn. Mrs. Peter-

kin was frightened by this, at first. She was afraid the little boys would be falling in every day. And they showed great fondness for pulling the bucket up and down. It proved, however, that the well was dry. There was no water in it, so she had some moss thrown down, and an old feather bed, for safety, and the old well was a favorite place of amusement.

"The house, it had proved, was well furnished with bath-rooms, and "set-waters," every where. Water-pipes and gas-pipes all over the house; and a hack-telegraph, and fire-alarm, with a little knob for each.

Mrs. Peterkin was very anxious. She feared the little boys would be summoning somebody all the time, and it was decided to conceal from them the use of the knobs, and the card of directions at the side was destroyed. Agamemnon had made one of his first inventions to help this. He had arranged a number of similar knobs to be put in rows in different parts of the house, to appear as if they were intended for ornament, and had added some to the original knobs.

Mrs. Peterkin felt more secure, and Agamemnon thought of taking out a patent for this invention.

It was, therefore, with some doubt that Elizabeth Eliza proposed sending a telegram to her father. Mrs. Peterkin, however, was pleased with the idea. Solomon John was out, and the little boys were at school, and she herself would touch the knob, while Elizabeth Eliza should write the telegram.

"I think it is the fourth knob from the beginning," she said, looking at one of the rows of knobs.

Elizabeth Eliza was sure of this. Agamemnon, she believed, had put three extra knobs at each end.

"But which is the end, and which is the beginning—the top or the bottom?" Mrs. Peterkin asked, hopelessly.

Still she bravely selected a knob, and Elizabeth Eliza hastened with her to look out for the messenger. How soon should they see the telegraph boy?

They seemed to have scarcely reached the window, when a terrible noise was heard, and down the shady street the white horses of the fire-brigade were seen rushing at a fatal speed! It was a terrific moment!

"I have touched the fire-alarm," Mrs. Peterkin exclaimed.

Both rushed to open the front door in agony. By this time, the fire-engines were approaching.

"Do not be alarmed," said the chief engineer, "the furniture shall be carefully covered, and we will move all that is necessary."

"Move again!" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, in agony.

Elizabeth Eliza strove to explain that she was only sending a telegram to her father, who was in Boston.

"It is not important," said the head engineer, "the fire will all be out before it could reach him."

And he ran up-stairs, for the engines were beginning to play upon the roof.

Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs again, hurriedly; there was more necessity for summoning Mr. Peterkin home.

"Write a telegram to your father," she said to Elizabeth Eliza, "to 'come home directly.'"

"That will take but three words," said Elizabeth Eliza, with presence of mind, "and we need ten. I was just trying to make them out."

"What has come now?" exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, and they hurried again to the window, to see a row of carriages coming down the street.

"I must have touched the carriage-knob," cried Mrs. Peterkin, "and I pushed it half a dozen times, I felt so anxious!"

Six hacks stood before the door. All the village boys were assembling. Even their own little boys had returned from school, and were showing the firemen the way to the well.

Again Mrs. Peterkin rushed to the knobs, and a fearful sound arose. She had touched the burglar alarm!

The former owner of the house, who had a great fear of burglars, had invented a machine of his own, which he had connected with a knob. A wire attached to the knob moved a spring that could put in motion a number of watchman's rattles, hidden under the eaves of the piazza.

All these were now set a-going, and their terrible din roused those of the neighborhood who had not before assembled around the house. At this moment, Elizabeth Eliza met the chief engineer.

"You need not send for more help," he said; "we have all the engines in town here, and have stirred up all the towns in the neighborhood; there 's no use in springing any more alarms. I can't find the fire yet, but we have water pouring all over the house."

Elizabeth Eliza waved her telegram in the air.

"We are only trying to send a telegram to my father and brother, who are in town," she endeavored to explain.

"If it is necessary," said the chief engineer, "you might send it down in one of the hackney carriages. I see a number standing before the door. We 'd better begin to move the heavier furniture, and some of you women might fill the carriages with smaller things."

Mrs. Peterkin was ready to fall into hysterics. She controlled herself with a supreme power, and hastened to touch another knob.

Elizabeth Eliza corrected her telegram, and decided to take the advice of the chief engineer, and went to the door to give her message to one of the hackmen, when she saw a telegraph boy appear. Her mother had touched the right knob. It was the fourth from the beginning, but the beginning was at the other end!

She went out to meet the boy, when, to her joy, she saw behind him her father and Agamemnon. She clutched her telegram, and hurried toward them. Mr. Peterkin was bewildered. Was the house on fire? If so, where were the flames?

He saw the row of carriages. Was there a funeral, or a wedding? Who was dead? Who was to be married?

He seized the telegram that Elizabeth Eliza reached to him, and read it aloud.

"Come to us directly—the house is NOT on fire!"

The chief engineer was standing on the steps.

"The house not on fire!" he exclaimed. "What are we all summoned for?"

"It is a mistake," cried Elizabeth Eliza, wringing her hands. "We touched the wrong knob; we wanted the telegraph boy!"

"We touched all the wrong knobs," exclaimed Mrs. Peterkin, from the house.

The chief engineer turned directly to give counter-directions, with a few exclamations of disgust, as the bells of distant fire-engines were heard approaching.

Solomon John appeared at this moment, and proposed taking one of the carriages, and going for a doctor for his mother, for she was now nearly ready to fall into hysterics, and Agamemnon thought to send a telegram down by the boy, for the evening papers, to announce that the Peterkins' house had not been on fire.

The crisis of the commotion had reached its

height. The beds of flowers bordered with dark-colored leaves were trodden down by the feet of the crowd that had assembled.

The chief engineer grew more and more indignant, as he sent his men to order back the fire-engines from the neighboring towns. The collection of boys followed the procession as it went away. The fire-brigade hastily removed covers from some of the furniture, restored the rest to their places, and took away their ladders. Many neighbors remained, but Mr. Peterkin hastened into the house to attend to Mrs. Peterkin.

Elizabeth Eliza took an opportunity to question her father, before he went in, as to the success of their visit to town.

"We saw all the patent-agents," answered Mr. Peterkin, in a hollow whisper. "Not one of them will touch the patent, or have any thing to do with it."

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon, as he walked silently into the house. She would not now speak to him of the patent; but she recalled some words of Solomon John. When they were discussing the patent, he had said that many an inventor had grown gray before his discovery was acknowledged by the public.

Others might reap the harvest, but it came, perhaps, only when he was going to his grave.

Elizabeth Eliza looked at Agamemnon reverently, and followed him silently into the house. —*The Peterkin Papers.*

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.[1]

(BORN, 1822.)

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME.

IT is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled, till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxiv.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I, and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our hearts' content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first house-keeping. To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town,—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation,"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and to make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If

one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that beside the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the "Mayflower," and putting into the fire the Alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc),—besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two

lives, one real and one merely functional,—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. . . . But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of

my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holly, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford, I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb

laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

O the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air:—

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to

be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there never was a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up

an impression that the minister's Irishman worked day-times in the factory-village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. . . . At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each,—wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together.

But on the first appearance of my double,—whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting,—he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way,—read the street signs ill

through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them),—and had not dared to enquire. He entered the room,—finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual,—and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I. . . .

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me,—always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body,

began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham 's a good fellow,—always on hand"; "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time"; "is not as unpunctual as he used to be,—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

. . . Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away!" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just

what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table,—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star-*entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it,—and says that single occasion was

worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library-door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I 'm very glad you liked it." But Dr. Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime-minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. . . . So was it that before Dr. Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit,—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and

drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and chamomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you liked it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all,—except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub,—from our own currants, you know. My own mother,—that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc.; till

they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4,—"I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room,"—which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly with "Well, I 'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you,—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till they move up-stairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and details. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History So-

ciety, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted, —Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening." . . .

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep,

and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. . . .

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools,—she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days,—and in these of our log cabin again. But all this could not last,—and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow,—once a minister,—I will call him Isaacs,—who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home,—yes, right through the other side,—not disturbed, not frightened by his own success,—and breathless found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope, he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement,

of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county-meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it,—got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint!—he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak, if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife, and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper,—it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or

the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies,—she knew Dennis was at home,—and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement,—in a perfect Irish fury,—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing

the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. "The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. "I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried, "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm: but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, "Our friend, Mr. Ingham, is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on! go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered

by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It 's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The poor Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him,—not in time, however. The same gallery boy shouted, "How 's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker." The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so,—stating that they were all dogs and cowards

and the sons of dogs and cowards,—that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-School.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I had been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No. My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina

are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries, which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson, & Co. to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.—*If, yes, and perhaps.*

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.[1]

(BORN, 1822.)

THE VARIOUS LANGUAGES OF BILLY MOON.

To surrender ere th' assault.—HUDIBRAS.

CHAPTER I.

NOT all, and not a majority, of personal combats in the far South forty years ago, at court grounds and muster fields, sprang from personal hostilities, previous or sudden. They were resorted to often as a trial of superior strength, agility, or endurance. In such encounters, one who would seek for a pistol, a knife, or even a walking-stick, was considered unmanly. Not thus, however, at least commonly, he who, when overcome and prostrate, cried "Enough." Such conduct was understood merely as an admission, technically termed "word," that the defeated yielded for the present only, and with reserve of right and intention to renew the combat in other circumstances which might occur, whether on that

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxviii.

same or some subsequent day. The victor was expected to suspend his blows at this admission. Sometimes, when the bottom man refused to yield, and seemed to prefer being beaten into a jelly, bystanders, somewhat before such result, would drag off the top man. Then both combatants, though with blackened eyes and bruised faces, panting and hobbling, would repair to the grocery, take a social grog, and, with mutual compliments, have a cordial understanding to repeat the fight at some convenient time after.

This preface was due to Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green, whose conduct upon a certain occasion might otherwise be somewhat misunderstood.

One other item—as a postscript, as it were, to the above—I should mention. In those times, many country people of the humbler and less cultivated sort, when mention was made of a person afflicted with a native incurable infirmity, bodily or mental, usually spoke of him or her as of the neuter gender, employing the pronoun *it*.

Mr. (Oglethorpe) Josh Green, so styled to distinguish him from his cousin of that name in Elbert, had whipped out every thing in his section, and in search of other conquests he once

came some miles southward. It was muster-day for the Dukesborough battalion. A few from the upper borders of the county had heard of his exploits, and one or two had seen him theretofore. A man like him, however, needed not to have friends, or even acquaintances, as, when a fight was to be made up, an entire stranger could easily obtain backers who would see to the maintenance of fair play.

When the muster was over, and O. J. G. (as he sometimes called himself, and was called by others, for short) had looked calmly upon several fights, he seemed to be disgusted.

"You people down here don't 'pear to know how *to* fight," said he. "It 'pears like you want to have somebody that do know how for to come down here and larn you."

It was a voice loud, harsh, powerful. People looked at him. Indeed, he had already attracted much attention. About thirty or thirty-two years of age, five feet eleven, weighing one hundred and sixty, or maybe more, dark-skinned, his black hair cut short, without an ounce of surplus flesh, from his head to his feet he seemed as if he had been wrought out of iron. As he walked up and down, composedly uttering challenges, there did not seem to be a

likelihood that he could find one to encounter him.

Bob Hatchett did say that but for his fatigue (having just now had a turn with Bill Giles, and got Bill's word) he would give him a trial, and take a few—jes' a few—of his lessons.

The warrior had money, and he exhibited it as a temptation. Holding forth his buckskin purse, he said, after beginning with a dollar, and gradually ascending:

"Gentlemen, in this here money-puss is four dollars, lackin' sevenpence. Two dollars and a half o' that money it would be my desires to put in*to* the money-puss of the man that can git my word in a fight here to-day. The dollar one and nine that would be left would be enough to take me back home, and which, in sich a case, arfter sich fightin' as I seen here, I should n't desires to leave it no more, leastways to come this way."

Such as that looked like a shame. Finally Jack Hall, who lived on Shoulder-bone, said he could n't stand it. Jack himself was a man of much power, though he might not have encountered O. J. G. without apprehension.

"Stranger," said Jack, "you 'pear like you—you jes' a-spilin' for a fight."

"That 's ezactly what I am, sir," answered the stranger. "I 'm a-spilin' bad. I hain't fit in so long that I 'm gittin' badly spiled. You hit what 's jes' the matter with me, the same as ef you was a doctor."

"Jes' so; and you would wish to lay down them two dollars and a half, sure enough, would you?"

"Here they are, sir, ready for you to git; and when sich a lookin' man as you do git 'em, my calkilation will be to move clean away—to some disolate island."

"Jes' so." Jack looked at him and reflected. "I ain't ezactly in fix to-day myself; but"—he paused, took out his purse, and counted his money—"I hain't but a dollar, half, and sevenpence. Ef the boys will help me make up the rest, I 'll fetch a man here that 'll—that 'll go to school to you for a while. I won't be gone more 'n ten or fifteen minutes."

Certainly the balance can be made up; there it is already. Good gracious! the idea of a whole battalion, as it were, being run off its own battle-field by one man, and he a stranger!

Jack went to look for his man. Oglethorpe Josh the while stroked his head, screwed his jaws, felt his muscles, and seemed to smell the battle anear.

CHAPTER II.

Inside of the time demanded, Jack was seen coming up the street. Slightly ahead of him, looking back eagerly at Jack's earnest gesticulations, walked a youth.

"Why, ef it ain't Billy Moon!" said Bob Hatchett and others. "Why, Jack Hall! Billy's too young to cope with that man."

"Jes' so, boys: never mind."

They came up, and Billy looked inquiringly at Jack and the rest. He was full six feet high, but would have weighed not more than one hundred and forty pounds. He was straight as an arrow—straighter, in fact; for his back was slightly swayed. Lithe, sinuous, tense without constraint, his long arms seemed well capable of striking and of grappling. His broad-brimmed hat sat jauntily on a side of his head. His light hair hung in curls even below his neck, and his blue eyes fairly danced with fiery glee. He did not seem to be over one-and-twenty years old.

"Is that your man?" asked Oglethorpe, curiously contemplating him.

"That 's him," answered Jack.

"Well, my young friend, you don't want your mammy to know you when you go home

to-night, eh? Your desires is to git to the old lady onbeknownst like this evenin', eh!"

Billy said not a word, but after signs from Jack smiled, and nodded his head gayly.

"How do you fight?"

Billy, after looking at Jack for a few moments, made several mock strokes with his fists, imaginary grapplings with his arms, kickings with his legs, and then seized his own throat with one hand, and placed the thumb of the other into the corner of one of his eyes.

Oglethorpe Josh looked at these actions piercingly. Turning angrily upon Jack, he said: "Who 's this you fotch here? What is he?"

"It 's Billy Moon," answered a by-stander—one of those chosen as stake-holder. "He 's as respectable a man, sir, as any in this county, or anywheres else, exceptin' that he 's deef and dumb."

"Deef and dumb!" said Oglethorpe. "Ain't he a egiot?"

"Egiot! No, sir: no egiot; got much sense as you, or anybody else on this ground, and as much of a gentleman."

"Jes' so," said Jack Hall.

Oglethorpe scanned Billy over and over care-

fully. Scratching his head, he scanned him again. He looked down and reflected. After reflection he raised his head, but did not seem as if, even when he began to talk, he had reached a definite conclusion.

"Gentlemen—I shall—that is, I shall—not—yes—no—in case, yes—that is—gentlemen—I—I shall—ah—I shall NOT fight it."

Oh, now! ah, now! yes, now! That did look like a fellow comin' all the way down from Oglethorpe and openin' a school for teachin' people how to fight!

Oglethorpe reflected again, looked at Billy's smiling face, and reflected yet again. Then he resolved for good and all. He said, firmly: "No, sirs. I shall not fight it, gentlemen; and, gentlemen, I 'll give you my reasons. You see, if me and it fights, one or t' other of us is got to git whipped, in the course o' time, more or less. Now, ef I whip *it*, it can't holler, and I sha'n't know it air whipped. That 'll be onfair for *it*. Then, agin, gentlemen, and which I should n't by no means look for—but nobody, exceptin' the good Lord, know the futer, 'specially in things like *it*—then agin, I say, ef it *should* whip *me*, and *I* holler, it—it—it could n't *hear* me; and that, you see, gentle-

men, would be onfair for me. Gentlemen, no; gentlemen, I shall not fight it."

After the explosion ensuing upon this determined refusal, and some discussion as to its import and most proper consequences, it was decided at last, with entire concurrence on the part of Oglethorpe Josh, that it would be fair to regard the money advanced, not exactly as won by Billy, nor as constituting a drawn bet, but that Billy—for Jack said it should be Billy's interest, and not his own—should have half the deposit of Oglethorpe Josh.

When Jack had communicated this decision to Billy, the brightness in an instant fled from his face, and he glanced around resentfully upon all. Then he looked upon the ground for a moment thoughtfully, putting his hand to his ear. Then he raised his head, his face putting on a conditional smile, looked at Oglethorpe, hugged himself, twisted his legs about, made a long mark upon the ground, struck his left forefinger with his right, and uttering several guttural sounds from his throat, looked at Jack as if he were not yet entirely through with giving expression to his ideas.

Oglethorpe watched Billy's actions with earnest and compassionate interest. Said he:

"What do it want? Ain't it satisfied? Ef it ain't, let it take all the money. Sooner than worry the poor thing, I 'd let it have all I got. I 'd—"

"Jes' so, jes' so, I know," said Jack. "But that ain't what Billy 's arfter."

"Well, what is it arfter? I can't see from them doin's what it is arfter."

"Jes' so; but me and him 's neighbors, and always has been, and we understands one another same as ef Billy could talk. Billy 's arfter a wrastle with you, stranger."

"A wrastle with me!"

"Jes' so; and he say ef you 'll give him a wrastle, jes' a friendly wrastle, you mind, you may have a dollar more o' your money, no matter which gits flung; and ef you don't he 'll have some more words to say to you."

"Words!" ejaculated Oglethorpe. "You call them things words! Words! more words! Them things was its langwidges, was they?" Then Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green grinned somewhat, and the iron in his frame seemed to begin to soften.

"Jes' so," answered Jack; "and Billy 's got more langwidges than you ever heerd of."

"More words, and in warious langwidges,"

said O. J. G., thoughtfully. "And they means it want a wrastle, and ef it can't git it, it 'll have more words in more warious langwidges."

Then Mr. O. J. G. regarded Billy with the most intense scrutiny. It was evident that he was again doubtful, but seemingly to avoid the necessity of further remarks in other unknown tongues, he concluded to acquiesce in Billy's wishes.

"Very well, then," he said. "But, gentlemen, I 'm agin this thing, and I wants it onderstood that ef it git hurt, I ain't responchible."

Everybody said that was right.

Then they stripped themselves.

CHAPTER III.

"What hold do it want?" asked Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green.

Billy, when the question was made known to him by Jack, raised and let fall first his right arm, then his left, shook his head contemptuously, then unwrapped from his finger an invisible rag, and threw it upon the ground.

"What kind o' words was them?" asked O. J. G.

"Them words," answered Jack, "them 's that Billy say he don't keer, not even to the

wrappin' of his fingers, which hold you give him, right or left."

"Yes, I see it were somethin' about—about fingers."

Mr. O. slowly scraped his upper lip with his lower teeth.

"And ef I don't wrastle with it, you say—it 'll—have yit more—*words*, and prob'ly in yit more warious langwidges?"

"Jes' so."

"Well, gentlemen," he said, resignedly; "'member, gentlemen, I 'm agin it, and both tharfore and wharfore I ain't to be responchible."

Certainly not, unanimously.

They were hitched. Jack Hall was to give the word, with a simultaneous nod to Billy. Billy's eye was on Jack, bright as a rattlesnake's when on the point of striking.

"Go," said Jack.

Billy, instantaneously detecting, from the feel of his adversary, which was his stronger side, quick as lightning swayed his back yet more, slid himself an inch or two aside, brought his right knee-joint against Oglethorpe's left, and, simultaneously with pressure there, and a resistless impulsion with his left arm, adroitly

tripped, with his left, Oglethorpe's right foot. The part of Oglethorpe that was likely to strike the ground first was his head. But Billy, as he was descending, softened the fall by hopping, with the agility of a greyhound, astraddle of his body, which barely touched the earth. There, holding Oglethorpe for a moment in his arms, flinging back from his eyes his long locks, he smiled in his face as a person does sometimes upon a child whom he has thrown up into the air playfully, and caught safely on the return. Then, when both had risen, he brushed him carefully with his hand and his handkerchief.

Omitting the numberless sayings, some of them interesting, in that crowd, now numbering a couple of hundreds or more, I confine myself to the main actors.

"Well I *did n't* fight it!" said Oglethorpe, contemplating Billy with yet enhanced interest. "Ef it could onderstand me," he continued, hesitatingly, "my desires would be to corngratilate it, as it 's the first thing that ever laid *my* back on the ground."

Then he extended his hand partially, which Billy, when made aware of his intention, seized, and cordially shook. Oglethorpe the while

grinned, felt the water come into his eyes, smote his knees together, and when Billy had let his hand go, held it up, letting it hang loosely, regarded it for a moment as something entirely foreign to himself, gradually pulled its fingers apart with his other hand, and seemed gratified and somewhat surprised that such a thing could be done.

Turning his eyes to him again, he asked, heavily: "Can it drink? Do it ever take a drink?"

"Certainly. Not as a habit, but in a social way."

"It would be my desires, then, to give it a treat. Tell it that I desires to treat it."

In the answer that Billy made to Jack's announcement of Oglethorpe's intentions, among other signs which he made, was a pointing contemptuously toward the crowd, and then violently poking himself on the breast, as if he would commit suicide, for want of a bodkin, with a bare forefinger, gibbering the while in his throat, not loudly, but passionately.

"My gawnamighty!" exclaimed Oglethorpe, his tongue becoming now so heavy that he could not utter quite articulately himself. "What kind o' wordth wath them?"

"Them words," answered Jack, with the seriousness of a person who had spent his years mainly in the interpretation of foreign, especially dead and occult, languages—"them words was this: Billy say that whiskey is a thing he seldom teches."

"Thildom tetheth," repeated Oglethorpe, thoughtfully, as if he would fain learn something of these strange tongues.

"But that yit he hain't got no partickler predigice agin whiskey, nor takin' of a drink hisself sometimes with a friend, or people he likes, providin' that they won't want him to carry it too fur, and——"

"No partickler predithith agin whithkey," said Oglethorpe, recollectingly, his mind evidently delaying upon these words, and not following Jack—at least not keeping up with him.

"But——" began Jack.

"Oh, but!" Oglethorpe's lower jaw began to hang somewhat heavily, and all his iron was gradually turning to lead.

"Jes' so," resumed Jack. "Billy say that he feel like it would be a disgrace on hisself, and on the neighborhood in gener'l, ef a stranger was to come here among us, and we was to let him do the treatin'. He say, as for sich onpo-

liteness as that, he warn't raised to it hisself, and as he 's now a man growed up, he ain't goin' to begin on it at this time o' day; and furthersomore—— "

"On-per-lite-neth ! fur-ther-tho-more ! " repeated Oglethorpe, in a low voice.

"Jes' so: and furthersomore, Billy say, ef you 'll jine with him, and at his expense, he 'll spend the rest o' the money in a gener'l treat."

Oglethorpe waited a moment, not sure that Jack was quite through with his translations.

"Them—ah, them wath ith langwitheth, wath they?"

"They was; his very words."

"And ef I don't agree to 'em, I th'pothe he 'll be arfter uthin' yit more wariouth oneth?"

"Jes' so."

"I givth it up, then."

They all repaired to Fan's grocery. Billy laid his money on the counter, and the treat was accepted heartily all around.

"Gentlemen," then said Oglethorpe, "I 'm sorry to part from you; but my business calls me, and I must bid you farewell."

Taking one more earnest, studious look at Billy, he thrust his hands into his pocket. Then saying to Jack Hall, "Tell it farewell for me,"

he immediately turned, left the grocery, and shortly afterward the town.

From this time Mr. Oglethorpe Josh Green began to keep himself more at or about his home, and to grow more quiet and meditative. Occasionally, when he was at the court-house, or Wright's store, and others had been telling of the strange things they had seen in foreign parts, after listening with doubtful interest to their narrations, he would point with his mere thumb vaguely and distantly toward the far South, and calling to mind what in the times when *he* was a traveller he had seen, say about thus:

"Gentlemen, it were a kind of a egiot; and it were grippy as a wise, and it were supple as a black-snake, and it were strong as a mule and a bull both putten together. And, gentlemen," he would add, "egiot as it were, it were smarter'n any man ever *I* see; and *as* for its langwidges —well, gentlemen, they wa'n't no eend to its warious langwidges."—*Harper's Magazine*, August, 1881.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.[1]

(BORN, 1824.)

A MUSICAL DUEL.

"I KNOW a story," suddenly exclaimed Count d'Egerlyn, one evening as we were taking supper at our parlor in the St. Nicholas, in New York. Now if the count had suddenly sung, "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows," he would not have excited more astonishment. For though the count was a gentleman of wit, a finished cosmopolite, and a thorough good fellow, and had moreover a beautiful wife, he was never known to tell tales of any description, either in school or out of it.

At the word upstarted Wolf Short and young C——, the latter declaring that he was, like Time, all ears, while the former, listening as if dreaming,

> —— heard him half in awe;
> While Cabaña's smoke came streaming
> Through his open jaw.

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxix.

In a calm, bland voice, our good count proceeded to narrate a curious incident, which I long afterward reduced to writing. As I remember it, the story would have been far better had it been given in the exact words in which it was originally told. But, alas! it was hardly concluded ere we had to scramble off to a party, and the next day we went all together to Boston; and it probably would never have been written out at all, had I not just been reminded of it by hearing "our nigger" Tom whistling through the hall, the air on which it is founded.



MENDELSSOHN was a great musician.

Mendelssohn signifies "The son of an almond." Had he been a twin, they would have christened him *Philip-ina.*

But as he was a Jew, they could not *christen* him. And as he was not a twin, he consequently remained single.

Which did not, however, prevent him from being wedded to Divine Lady Music, as amateurs call her.

Mendelssohn composed "Songs without words." Many modern poets give us words without songs.

"They should n't do so."

The story which I am about to relate is that of a duel which was fought as Mendelssohn's songs were sung—without words. The insult, the rejoinder, the rebutter, the sur-rebutter, and the challenge were all *whistled.*

But as, according to Fadladeen in Lalla Rookh, it is impossible even for an angel to carry *a sigh* in his hand, the reader will not find it strange that such an imperfect sinner as myself should find it difficult to whistle on paper or in print.

I will, therefore, take the liberty of representing by words the few notes which were whistled upon this melancholy occasion. The which notes are given at the beginning of this story.

And here the intelligent reader may remark that most authors put their notes at the *end* of their works. Mine, however, come before.

An Englishman was once seated in solitary silence in the Café de France, solemnly sipping sherry and smoking a cigar. His reverie was unbroken, and his only desire on earth was that it should continue so.

Suddenly entered (as from the Grand Opera) a gay Frenchman, merrily whistling that odd little air from *Robert le Diable*, so well known to all admirers of Meyerbeer and contemners of worldly wealth or sublunary riches:

> Oh, but gold is a chimera !
> Money all a fleeting dream ! *

Now the interruption vexed our Englishman. At any time he would have wished the Frenchman in Jerusalem. At present, the whistling so much disturbed him, that he wished him in a far less holy place. Mind ! I do not mean New York, though it be, like Milton's scaly sorceress, close by the "Gate of Hell."

Therefore, in a firm and decided tone (which said, as plainly as if he had spoken it, "I wish, sir, you would hold your tongue"), he whistled—

> Oh, but gold is a chimera !
> Money all a fleeting dream !

But the Frenchman was in high feather, and not to be bluffed. He had had a dinner and a *gloria* of coffee and brandy, and some *eau sucrée*

* *Folle è quei che l'oro aduna*
E nol sa come goder,
Non provò giammai fortuna,
Che sta lunga dal piacer.

and a glass of *bruleau* (which, like *crambambuli*, consists of burnt brandy or rum, with sugar). He had had a cigarette, or a four-cent government cigar (I forget which), had winked at a pretty girl in the opera, and finally had heard the opera and Grisi. In fact, he had experienced a perfect bender. Now a bender is a batter, and a batter is a spree, and a spree is a jollification. And the tendency of a jollification is to exalt the mind and elevate the feelings. Therefore the feelings of the Frenchman were exalted, and in the coolest, indifferentest, impudentest, provokingest manner in the world, he answered in whistling—

> Oh, but gold is a chimera !
> Money all a fleeting dream !

Which, being interpreted, signified, "I care not a fig for the world in general—or you, sir, in particular! Stuff that you are! Out upon you! *Parbleu!* BAH!

"Do you think that because you are silent, all the world must be mum? *Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Am I to sneeze because you snuff? *Par-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* Ought I to blush because you are well *read?* *Par-'r-'r-'r-'r-'r-'r-bleu!* *Tra-li-ra!* Go to!"

All these words were distinctly intelligible

in the chimes, intonations, and accentuations of the Frenchman's whistle. And to make assurance doubly sure, he sat himself down at the same *tête-à-tête* table whereon the Englishman leaned, at the opposite seat; and displacing, with an impudent little shove, his cigar-case, continued to whistle, with all manner of irritating variations and aggravating canary-bird trills, his little air—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

What I now wish you to believe is that John Bull was in no wise either flattered or gratified by these little marks of attention. Drawing back in his chair, he riveted a stare of silent fury on the Frenchman, which might have bluffed a buffalo, and then, in deliberate, cast-iron accents, slowly whistled, as he rose from the table and beckoned his foe to follow, the air which had so greatly incensed him—

Oh, but gold is a chimera!
Money all a fleeting dream!

Now this last instrumento-vocal effort did not express much,—but the little it *did* express went, like the widow's oil or a Paixhan shot, a great way. It simply signified—

"Coffee and pistols for two—without the coffee!"

To which the Frenchman, with a bow of the intensest politeness, replied—*toujours en sifflant*—always in whistling—

> Oh, but gold is a chimera!
> Money all a fleeting dream!

Which was not much more, and certainly no less than—

"Oh, if you come to that, two can play at that game. Poor devil! what a loss you will be to the worthy and estimable society of muffs and slow coaches! What will that excellent individual, Milady Popkins, remark, when she hears that I have settled the account of her son without a surplus? After you, sir, if you please! I will directly have the pleasure of following and killing you."

Out of the café, and along the boulevards, strode the Englishman, followed by his new acquaintance, both "whistling as they went"—certainly not "from want of thought." Whether it was "to keep their courage up," is not written in history.

They soon reached a hall, where the Englishman offered the only weapons in his possession,

excepting "maulies," or fists,—and these were a pair of rapiers.

And here it would appear, gracious reader, (if you are gracious,) that either I, or the Frenchman, or both of us, made a great mistake, when we understood the Englishman, by the sounds he uttered in his challenge, to signify the whistle of pistol-bullets. It appears that it was the whiz of swords, to which he had reference. But the Frenchman, who believed himself good at all things in general, and the *fleurette* in particular, made no scruples, but—drawing his sword with a long whistle—struck a salute, and held up a beautiful guard, accompanying every movement with a note from the original air of—

> Oh, but gold is a chimera!
> Money all a fleeting dream!

And now, reader, had I the pen of the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle, I would describe thee a duel in the real *comme il faut*, two-thirty style. Every note of the air was accompanied by a thrust or a parry. When the Englishman made a thrust of *low carte seconde*, the Frenchman guarded with a semicircle parade, or an octave (I forget which). When the Frenchman

made an appel, a beat, or a glissade, the Englishman, in no wise put out, either remained firm or put in a time thrust. Both marking time with the endless refrain—

Oh, but gold is a chimera !
Money all a fleeting dream !

At last, an untimely thrust from the Englishman's rapier settled the business. The Frenchman fell—dropped his sword—and whistled in slower, slower measure and broken accents, for the last time, his little melody.

Reader, I have no doubt that you have heard, ere now, the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and can well recall the dying struggles and perishing notes of *Edgardo*—

Se di-vi-si fummo in ter-ra,
Ne cong-iun-ga ne congiung-a il Nume in ciel !
Ne con-giun-ga, ah ! oh !—Num' in ciel—
I-o—ti-i—se-guo !—oh !—oh !

And so it was with our poor Frenchman, who panted forth, game to the last—

" Oh,—but g-'g-'gold is a chi-mera !
M-'m-'mon-ey but a fleece—"

And here—borne on the wings of a last expiring whistle—his soul took its flight.

Not a word had been spoken by either of the combatants !—*Meister Karl's Sketch-Book.*

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

PARDT FIRSDT.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
 Von of de pullyest kind;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
 And had n't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
 And it vent as sure as ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axle dree
 Mit de vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off
 He paddlet mit his veet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
 Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
 He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
 And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trottin nags
 Pooled oop to see him bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt:
 "*Potztausend! Was ist das?*"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
 On—mit a gashtly smile;

He tid n't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis earthly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish hobbiness?
Ve find a pank-node in de shtreedt,
Next dings der pank is preak;
Ve folls, und knocks our outsides in,
Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
On his philosopede.
His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost
Vhen at his extra shpeed.
He felled oopon der vheel of course;
De vheel like blitzen flew:
Und Schnitzerl he was schnitz * in vact
For id shlished him grod † in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
Id cot so shkared, men say,
It pounded onward till it vent
Ganz ‡ teufelwards afay.

* Cut. † Straight. ‡ Quite.

Boot vhere ish now de Schnitzerl's soul?
Vere dos his shbirit pide?
In Himmel troo de entless plue
It takes a medeor ride.

—Breitmann Ballads.

SELECTION FROM BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

Breitmann had led his troopers out of Nashville for the purpose of visiting a distant church, partly in order to satisfy his "religios Gefuhl" and partly because an "intelligent contraband" had brought information that "There 's twenty barr'ls of whisky in dat Tabernacle sure."

All rosen red de mornin fair
Shone gaily o'er de hill,
All violet plue de shky crew teep
In rifer, pond und rill.
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood;
All shnowy vite in mornin light
De shoorsh pefore dem shtood.

"Now loudet vell de Organ oop,
To drill mit solemn fear;
Und ring alsò dat Lumpenglock,
To pring de beoples here.
Und if it prings guerillas down,
Ve 'll gife dem, py de Lord!

De low mass of de sabre, und
De high mass of de cord!

"Du Eberlé aus Freiburg,
Du bist ein Musikant.
Top-sawyer on de counter-point
Und buster in discánt,
To dee de soul of music
All innerly ish known,
Du canst mit might fullenden
De art of orgel-ton.

"Derefore a Miserére
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel;
Und vake re-raiséd yearnin,
Alsó a holy feel:—
Pe referent, men—rememper
Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
Du, Conrad,—go along de aisles,
Und schenk de whisky aus!"

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
Beethoven und Méhul,
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach,
Sooplime und peaudiful.
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
De tears roon down his fuss,

Und he sopped out: "Gott verdammich—dis
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss!"

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high
He make de rafters ring.
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing.
Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
Like a nightly moanin sea,
Ash he dinked on Sonntags long agone
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifuller efer yet
Around de whisky goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singin dey
Might indo Himmel win:—
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-cloudts troo de door,
All plack ash night in goldnen lighdt
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr.
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glarin round,

Und cried: "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
De reps ish gomin down!"

Und vhile he yet vas shpeakin,
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain,
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin:
"Pile out of thar, you Feds!

"For we uns ar' a comin
For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun,
And blast you all to bits—"
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin
Dere vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awefool stim
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurgin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fisch-hawks
Ash if de gods were young;
So from all de doors und vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs,

De Dootch went at deir horses,
 Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
 Vere in dat pattle rush;
Crate vights mit swordt und carpine
 Py efery fence and bush;
Ash panters vight mit crislies
 In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
 Und de Dootch ver droonk as blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
 So quickly vas it o'er:—
O vhy moost I forefer
 Pestain mine page mit gore!
Py liddle und py liddle,
 Dey drawed demselfs afay;
Oft toornin round to vighten,
 Like booffaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
 De scatterin gries more shlow;
Und furder troo de forest
 Ve heared dem vainter crow.
Ve gife von shout—"*Victoria!*"
 Und den der Breitmann said,

Ash he wiped his ploody sabre,
" Now, poys, count oop your dead ! "

O small had peen our shoutin
For shoy, if ve had known,
Dat de Stossenheim im oaken Wald
Lay dyin all alone ;
Vhile his oldt white horse mit droopin het
Look dumbly on him down,
Ash if he dinked, " Vy lyest dou here
Vhile fightin 's goin on ? "

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier,
Slow dyin on de eart,
Of a Schloss afar in Baden,
Of his mutter, und nople birt—
Of poverty und sorrow
Vhich drofe him like de wind—
Und he sighed : " Ach weh, for de lofed ones
Who wait so far pehind ! "

" Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !
Dere 's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald,
Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere 's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
Und sings a liddle hymn,

Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

" But mordal life ends shortly,
Und Heafen's life is long—
Wo bist du, Breitmann?—glaub'es—
Gott suffers no ding wrong.
Now I die like a Christian soldier;
My head oopon my sword:—
In nomine Domine! "
Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
Vhen Stossenheim vas found,
Efen from dose dere lyin
Fast dyin on de grount.
Boot time vas short for vaiten,
De shades vere gadderin dim;
Und I nefer shall forget it,
De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
Vas all de funeral knell,
De ring of sporn und carpine
Vas all de sacrin bell.
Mit hoontin knife und sabre
Dey digged de grave a span;
From German eyes blue gleamin
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
De plessed cross ve made,
Und put it vhere de soldier's head
Toward Germany vas laid.
Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
De cross is gone afay,
Boot Gott will find der reiter
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de Organ,
To Nashville Breitmann led.
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas ernsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin of de heart's friend,
He 'd left im gruenen Wald.

De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write.
De night is dark around me,
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten im den Gassen
Make singen many a song,
Ach Faderland!—wie bist du weit!
Ach Zeit!—wie bist du lang!

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.[1]

(BORN, 1824—DIED, 1892.)

FROM THE SUMMER DIARY OF MINERVA TATTLE.

NEWPORT, August.

IT certainly is not papa's fault that he does n't understand French; but he ought not to pretend to. It does put one in such uncomfortable situations occasionally. In fact, I think it would be quite as well if we could sometimes "sink the paternal," as Timon Crœsus says. I suppose everybody has heard of the awful speech pa made in the parlor at Saratoga. My dearest friend, Tabby Dormouse, told me she had heard of it everywhere, and that it was ten times as absurd each time it was repeated. By-the-bye, Tabby is a dear creature, is n't she? It 's so nice to have a spy in the enemy's camp, as it were, and to hear every thing that everybody says about you. She is not handsome,—poor, dear Tabby! There 's no denying it, but she can't help it. I was obliged to tell young

[1] See Biographical Sketch, p. xxiii.

Downe so, quite decidedly, for I really think he had an idea she was good-looking. The idea of Tabby Dormouse being handsome! But she is a useful little thing in her way; one of my intimates.

The true story is this.

Ma and I had persuaded pa to take us to Saratoga, for we heard the English party were to be there, and we were anxious they should see *some* good society, at least. It seems such a pity they should n't know what handsome dresses we really do have in this country! And I mentioned to some of the most English of our young men, that there might be something to be done at Saratoga. But they shrugged their shoulders, especially Timon Crœsus and Gauche Boosey, and said—

"Well, really, the fact is, Miss Tattle, all the Englishmen I have ever met are—in fact—a little snobbish. However."

That was about what they said. But I thought, considering their fondness of the English model in dress and manner, that they might have been more willing to meet some genuine aristocracy. Yet, perhaps, that handsome Col. Abattew is right in saying with his grand military air,—

"The British aristocracy, madam,—the British aristocracy is vulgar."

Well, we all went up to Saratoga. But the distinguished strangers did not come. I held back that last muslin of mine, the yellow one, embroidered with the Alps, and a distant view of the isles of Greece worked on the flounces, until it was impossible to wait longer. I meant to wear it at dinner the first day they came, with the pearl necklace and the opal studs, and that heavy ruby necklace (it is a low-necked dress). The dining-room at the "United States" is so large that it shows off those dresses finely, and if the waiter does n't let the soup or the gravy slip, and your neighbor, (who is, like as not, what Tabby Dormouse, with her incapacity to pronounce the *r*, calls "some 'aw, 'uff man from the country,") does n't put the leg of his chair through the dress, and if you don't muss it sitting down—why, I should like to know a prettier place to wear a low-necked muslin, with jewels, than the dining-room of the "United States" at Saratoga. . . .

I am as bad as dear Mrs. Potiphar about coming to the point of my story. But the truth is, that in such engrossing places as Saratoga and Newport, it is hardly possible to de-

termine which is the pleasantest and most important thing among so many. I am so fond of that old, droll Kurz Pacha, that if I begin to talk about him I forget every thing else. He says such nice things about people that nobody else would dare to say, and that everybody is so glad to hear. He is invaluable in society. And yet one is never safe. People say he is n't gentlemanly; but when I see the style of man that is called gentlemanly, I am very glad he is not. All the solemn, pompous men who stand about like owls, and never speak, nor laugh, nor move, as if they really had any life or feeling, are called "gentlemanly." Whenever Tabby says of a new man—"But then he is so gentlemanly!" I understand at once. It is another case of the well-dressed wooden image. Good heavens! do you suppose Sir Philip Sidney, or the Chevalier Bayard, or Charles Fox, were "gentlemanly" in this way? Confectioners who undertake parties might furnish scores of such gentlemen, with hands and feet of any required size, and warranted to do nothing "ungentlemanly." For my part, I am inclined to think that a gentleman is something positive, not merely negative. And if sometimes my

friend the Pacha says a rousing and wholesome truth, it is none the less gentlemanly because it cuts a little. He says it 's very amusing to observe how coolly we play this little farce of life,—how placidly people get entangled in a mesh at which they all rail, and how fiercely they frown upon anybody who steps out of the ring. "You tickle me and I 'll tickle you; but, at all events, you tickle me," is the motto of the crowd.

"*Allons!*" says he, "who cares? lead off to the right and left—down the middle and up again. Smile all around, and bow gracefully to your partner; then carry your heavy heart to your chamber, and drown in your own tears. Cheerfully, cheerfully, my dear Miss Minerva. Saratoga until August, then Newport until the frost, the city afterwards; and so an endless round of happiness."

And he steps off humming *Il segreto per esser felice!*

Well, we were all sitting in the great drawing-room at the "United States." We had been bowling in our morning dresses, and had rushed in to ascertain if the distinguished English party had arrived. They had not. They were in New York, and would not come. That was

bad, but we thought of Newport and probable scions of nobility there, and were consoled. But while we were in the midst of the talk, and I was whispering very intimately with that superb and aristocratic Nancy Fungus, who should come in but father, walking toward us with a wearied air, dragging his feet along, but looking very well dressed for him. I smiled sweetly when I saw that he was quite presentable, and had had the good sense to leave that odious white hat in his room, and had buttoned his waistcoat. The party stopped talking as he approached; and he came up to me.

"Minna, my dear," said he, "I hear everybody is going to Newport."

"Oh! yes, dear father," I replied, and Nancy Fungus smiled. Father looked pleased to see me so intimate with a girl he always calls "so aristocratic and high-bred-looking," and he said to her—

"I believe your mother is going, Miss Fungus?"

"Oh! yes, we always go," replied she, "one must have a few weeks of Newport."

"Precisely, my dear," said poor papa, as if he rather dreaded it, but must consent to the hard necessity of fashion. "They say, Minna,

that all the *parvenus* are going this year, so I suppose we shall have to go along."

There was a blow! There was perfect silence for a moment, while poor pa looked amiable, as if he could n't help embellishing his conversation with French graces. I waited in horror; for I knew that the girls were all tittering inside, and every moment it became more absurd. Then out it came. Nancy Fungus leaned her head on my shoulder, and fairly shook with laughter. The others hid behind their fans, and the men suddenly walked off to the windows, and slipped on to the piazza. Papa looked bewildered, and half smiled. But it was a very melancholy business, and I told him that he had better go up and dress for dinner.

It was impossible to stay after that. The unhappy slip became the staple of Saratoga conversation. Young Boosey (Mrs. Potiphar's witty friend) asked Morris audibly at dinner, "Where do the *parvenus* sit? I want to sit among the *parvenus*."

"Of course you do, sir," answered Morris, supposing he meant the circle of the *crême de la crême*.

And so the thing went on multiplying itself. Poor papa does n't understand it yet. I don't

dare to explain. Old Fungus, who prides himself so upon his family, (it is one of the very ancient and honorable Virginia families, that came out of the ark with Noah, as Kurz Pacha says of his ancestors, when he hears that the founder of a family "came over with the Conqueror,") and who cannot deny himself a joke, came up to pa, in the bar-room, while a large party of gentlemen were drinking cobblers, and said to him with a loud laugh:

"So, all the *parvenus* are going to Newport: are they, Tattle?"

"Yes!" replied pa innocently, "that 's what they say. So I suppose we shall all have to go, Fungus."

There was another roar that time, but not from the representative of Noah's ark. It was rather thin joking, but it did very well for the warm weather, and I was glad to hear a laugh against anybody but poor pa.

We came to Newport, but the story came before us, and I have been very much annoyed at it. . . . By-the-bye, that Polly Potiphar has been mean enough to send out to Paris for the very silk that I relied upon as this summer's *cheval de bataille*, and has just received it superbly made up. The worst of it is that it is

just the thing for her. She wore it at the ball the other night, and expected to have crushed me, in mine. Not she! I have not summered it at Newport for—well, for several years, for nothing, and although I am rather beyond the strict white-muslin age, I thought I could yet venture a bold stroke. So I arrayed *à la* Daisy Clover,—not too much, *pas trop jeune*. And awaited the onset.

Kurz Pacha saw me across the room, and came up, with his peculiar smile. He did not look at my dress, but he said to me, rather wickedly, looking at my bouquet:

"Dear me! I hardly hoped to see spring flowers so late in the summer."

Then he raised his eyes to mine, and I am conscious that I blushed.

"It 's very warm. You feel very warm, I am sure, my dear Miss Tattle," he continued, looking straight at my face.

"You are sufficiently cool, at least, I think," replied I.

"Naturally," said he, "for I 've been in the immediate vicinity of the boreal pole for a half an hour—a neighborhood in which, I am told, even the most ardent spirits sometimes freeze,—so you must pardon me if I am more than usually dull, Miss Minerva."

And the Pacha beat time to the waltz with his head.

I looked at the part of the room from which he had just come, and there, sure enough, in the midst of a group, I saw the tall and stately and still Ada Aiguille.

"He is a hardy navigator," continued Kurz Pacha, "who sails for the boreal pole. It is glittering enough, but shipwreck by daylight upon a coral reef, is no pleasanter than by night upon Newport shoals."

"Have you been shipwrecked, Kurz Pacha?" asked I, suddenly.

He laughed softly: "No, Miss Minerva, I am not one of the hardy navigators; I keep close into the shore. Upon the slightest symptom of an agitated sea, I furl my sails and creep into a safe harbor. Besides, dear Miss Minna, I prefer tropical cruises to the Antarctic voyage.

And the old wretch actually looked at my black hair. I might have said something—approving his taste, perhaps, who knows?—when I saw Mrs. Potiphar. She was splendidly dressed in the silk, and it 's a pity she does n't become a fine dress better. She made for me directly.

"Dear Minna, I 'm so glad to see you. Why, how young and fresh you look to-night. Really, quite blooming! And such a sweet pretty dress, too, and the darling baby-waist and all."

"Yes," said that witty Gauche Boosey, "permit me, Miss Tattle,—quite an incarnate seraphim, upon my word."

"You are too good," replied I; "my dear Polly, it is your dress which deserves admiration, and I flatter myself in saying so, for it is the very counterpart of one I had made some months ago."

"Yes, darling, and which you have not yet worn," replied she. "I said to Mr. P., 'Mr. P.,' said I, 'there are few women upon whose amiability I can count as I can upon Minerva Tattle's, and, therefore, I am going to have a dress like hers. Most women would be vexed about it, and say ill-natured things if I did so. But if I have a friend, it is Minerva Tattle; and she will never grudge it to me for a moment.' It 's pretty; is n't it? Just look here at this trimming."

And she showed me the very handsomest part of it, and so much handsomer than mine, that I can never wear it.

"Polly, I am so glad you know me so well,"

said I. "I 'm delighted with the dress. To be sure, it 's rather *prononcé* for your style; but that 's nothing."

Just then a polka struck up. "Come along! give me this turn," said Boosey, and putting his arm round Mrs. Potiphar's waist, he whirled her off into the dance.

How I did hope somebody would come to ask me. Nobody came.

"You don't dance?" asked Kurz Pacha, who stood by during my little talk with Polly P.

"Oh, yes," answered I, and hummed the polka.

Kurz Pacha hummed to, looked on at the dancers a few minutes, then turned to me, and looking at my boquet said:

"It is astonishing how little taste there is for spring flowers."

At that moment young Crœsus "came in," warm with the whirl of the dance, with Daisy Clover.

"It 's very warm," said he, in a gentlemanly manner.

"Dear me! yes, very warm," said Daisy.

"Been long in Newport?"

"No; only a few days. We always come, after Saratoga, for a couple of weeks. But is n't it delightful?"

"Quite so," said Timon coolly, and smiling at the idea of anybody's being enthusiastic about any thing. That elegant youth has pumped life dry; and now the pump only wheezes.

"Oh!" continued Daisy, "it 's so pleasant to run away from the hot city, and breathe this cool air. And then Nature is so beautiful. Are you fond of Nature, Mr. Crœsus?"

"Tolerably," returned Timon.

"Oh! but Mr. Crœsus! to go to the glen and skip stones, and to walk on the cliff, and drive to Bateman's, and the fort, and to go to the beach by moonlight; and then the bowling-alley, and the archery, and the Germania. Oh! it 's a splendid place. But, perhaps, you don't like natural scenery, Mr. Crœsus?"

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Crœsus.

"Well, some people don't," said darling little Daisy, folding up her fan, as if quite ready for another turn.

"Come now; there it is," said Timon, and, grasping her with his right arm, they glided away.

"Kurz Pacha," said I, "I wonder who sent Ada Aiguille that boquet?"

"Sir John Franklin, I presume," returned he.

"What do you mean by that?" asked I.

Before he could answer, Boosey and Mrs. Potiphar stopped by us.

"No, no, Mr. Boosey," panted Mrs. P., "I will not have him introduced. They say his father actually sells dry-goods by the yard in Buffalo."

"Well, but *he* does n't, Mrs. Potiphar."

"I know that, and it 's all very well for you young men to know him, and to drink, and play billiards, and smoke with him. And he is handsome to be sure, and gentlemanly, and, I am told, very intelligent. But, you know, we can't be visiting our shoemakers and shop-men. That 's the great difficulty of a watering-place, one does n't know who 's who. Why, Mrs. Gnu was here three summers ago, and there sat next to her, at table, a middle-aged foreign gentleman, who had only a slight accent, and who was so affable and agreeable, so intelligent and modest, and so perfectly familiar with all kinds of little ways, you know, that she supposed he was the Russian Minister, who, she heard, was at Newport incognito for his health. She used to talk with him in the parlor, and allowed him to join her upon the piazza. Nobody could find out who he was. There were suspicions, of course. But he paid his bills, drove his

horses, and was universally liked. Dear me! appearances are so deceitful! who do you think he was?"

"I 'm sure I can't imagine."

"Well, the next spring she went to a music store in Philadelphia, to buy some guitar strings for Claribel, and who should advance to sell them but the Russian Minister! Mrs. Gnu said she colored—"

"So I 've always understood," said Gauche, laughing.

"Fie! Mr. Boosey," continued Mrs. P., smiling. But the music-seller did n't betray the slightest consciousness. He sold her the strings, received the money, and said nothing, and looked nothing. Just think of it! She supposed him to be a gentleman, and he was really a music-dealer. You see that 's the sort of thing one is exposed to here, and though your friend may be very nice, it is n't safe for me to know him. In a country where there 's no aristocracy one can't be too exclusive. Mrs. Peony says she thinks that in the future she shall really pass the summer in a farm-house, or if she goes to a watering-place, confine herself to her own rooms and her carriage, and look at people through the blinds. I 'm afraid myself

it 's coming to that. Everybody goes to Saratoga now, and you see how Newport is crowded. For my part I agree with the Rev. Cream Cheese, that there are serious evils in a republican form of government. What a hideous head-dress that is of Mrs. Settum Downe's! What a lovely polka-redowa!"

"So it is, by Jove! Come on," replied the gentlemanly Boosey, and they swept down the hall.—*Potiphar Papers.*





